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The Week-end Review

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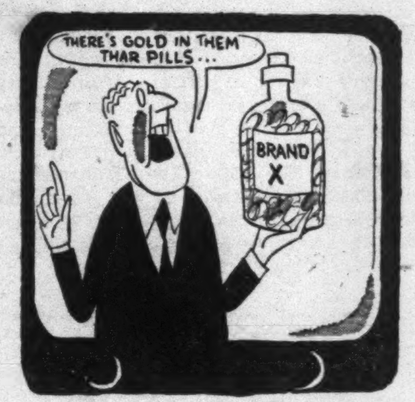

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR PILLS...
BRAND X

THE GREAT DRUG RACKET

★

INDIA'S PLAN FOR SURVIVAL

★

KING KONG
Todd Matshikiza
Martin Jarrett-Kerr

★

WALES

W. John Morgan
Revival of a Nation

★

Kingsley Amis
Red Dragon Blues

★

Goronwy Rees

★

Gwyn Thomas

Welensky's Last Fling

Sir Roy Welensky's total rejection of the Macleod constitution for Northern Rhodesia, and his provocative call-up of 5,000 'federal territorial troops' – mostly armed white settlers – is probably prompted by two motives. The first is to frighten the British government into retreating from the new constitution; and the second is to provoke African hotheads into violence which might provide his territorials with the opportunity to 'take over' Northern Rhodesia. But what, after all, can he threaten to do? In practice only two things. He can throw in his lot with Southern Rhodesia and secede from the Federation. If he does that, he may gain at best a few more years of segregated government in the impoverished racial enclave of Southern Rhodesia. But the African masses even in Southern Rhodesia are beginning to organise and feel their strength: it will not be long before they are in a position to confront their government with the choice between accepting basic democracy or suppressing it by force. The latter would mean in effect joining the Union of South Africa; and it is by no means sure that a majority of white Southern Rhodesians would be willing to join the Union, or that the Union would be ready to accept another English-speaking province.

As an alternative Welensky can threaten to declare the independence of a union of the two Rhodesias – no doubt he would gladly abandon Nyasaland. But such a state would be instantly and violently repudiated by the African population of Northern Rhodesia. If Welensky seriously tried this manoeuvre, he would lose all support in Britain and touch off an explosion of anti-white feeling in Africa which would sweep him and his supporters to kingdom come.

The African delegates at Lancaster House have been profoundly suspicious of the Macleod plan, and disquieted by the manner of the negotiations. Nevertheless they have behaved with perfect propriety. Their principal problem is whether to agree to operate the Macleod constitution. Here their decision is a most difficult one. They know the constitution they are now offered is different from, and in some ways less favourable than, Mr Macleod's original plan. Moreover they have not yet been told some of its essential components, which will in fact determine whether they get an African majority in the Legislature. The African leaders have assumed, naturally enough in view of the way they have been treated, that Mr Macleod's delay in announcing (or negotiating) these missing links in his constitution was a trick at their expense. But it may not be so. Messrs Kaunda and N'Kumbula would be well advised not to commit themselves finally on the Macleod plan until they know whether in fact it will give them the majority which is their right. If so, they should advise their supporters to accept it as a decisive, if temporary, stage on the road to full democracy.

Mr Macleod on his side must now furnish them with the information they need to complete their decisions. The original purpose in withholding these essential details of the constitution was so that they could be negotiated with United Federal Party delegates in Lusaka. Now there is no prospect of any such negotiation and therefore no point in delay. Secondly, Mr Macleod and his Cabinet colleagues must understand that their over-riding duty is to protect the safety of the African citizens of this British protectorate. At present there is a situation of great tension in Northern Rhodesia; and should violence break out, on whichever side, no troops to deal with it except Welensky's Black-and-Tans. As the first step in calling Welensky's bluff, the British government would do well to remove Northern Rhodesia from dependence on his troops. Two British parachute battalions are believed to be available for immediate dispatch to Northern Rhodesia, and other infantry units could be flown in at a few days notice. Provided the Macleod plan does offer the African population the legislative majority which is the key to their political progress, this is one case where Africans might welcome British troops.

Comments on the Week's News

Congo

A Move to Realism

The decisive step towards either internecine chaos or a laborious drag back to sanity is still to be taken in the Congo. Shocked by the spate of political murders and the imminent danger of civil war, the Security Council has at last given its Secretary General powers to use arms to prevent clashes between contending Congolese factions. The Russians, after demanding the dismissal of Mr Hammarskjold and a withdrawal of the United Nations force, refrained from using their veto when the new mandate was proposed. It seems that they have again been taught by the Afro-Asians that attacks on the UN will receive little sympathy from the uncommitted. Mr Hammarskjold now has the unenviable task of finding the troops he needs to deploy his new policy. That he will need extra troops was soon evident from the open defiance announced in Mr Tshombe's mobilisation. He would need fewer troops and fewer lives would be endangered if the Belgian Government could be either persuaded or coerced into taking drastic action to force Belgian military personnel to leave the Congo.

Meanwhile, the week has seen continuing political executions, embittering tempers to the verge of civil war, while both the United Nations Conciliation Commission and President Nkrumah have advocated far more virile action to save the country from disaster. Whether the new moves towards UN control will overtake the slide to disintegration will now depend on the determination of member states to support the Secretary-General's new mandate.

It is remarkable that the almost simultaneous publication of the Conciliation Committee's report and Dr Nkrumah's message to Mr Hammarskjold reveals such a striking similarity of assessment. Both point to the danger of foreign troops in the Congo and the necessity for their removal; both demand the disarming of Congolese troops and their isolation from politics; both call for a stronger United Nations' military effort and a renewed attempt to find a political solution. Dr Nkrumah suggests an all-African United Nations command – which would be difficult, if not impossible to find, but which shows his continued belief that the African states should use the United Nations. The Commission, composed of African and Asian members only, for the first time expresses the view that 'only a federal form of government can preserve the national unity and territorial integrity of the Congolese state'.

New Delhi

Unquiet Frontier

A Special Correspondent writes: On Monday Mr Nehru told the Indian Parliament that he saw no reason to go to Peking for further talks unless the Chinese accepted the Indian case in the complex frontier disputes. These, he said, could be settled only when the Chinese vacated the Indian territory they had occupied – a view supported by the documents that have just been made available in Delhi.

These documents are contained in the report of the Chinese and Indian officials who have been discussing the boundary question along the Himalaya, now for the first time an unquiet frontier. The report is long, for it deals with talks held over many months in Delhi, Peking and Rangoon about the 12,000 square miles of eastern Ladakh held and claimed by the Chinese. The Indian case, based on old chronicles and travellers' reports, as well as treaties, diplomatic correspondence and even maps from Chinese sources, is that the traditional boundary is that claimed by Delhi. To this the Chinese have replied that Indian evidence 'came from British sources and was merely a manifestation of British imperialist policy.'

True, British rule was imperialist rule, but there was no effort to push this frontier forward: on the contrary, British policy was a defensive one designed to insure against a Russian invasion of India or a Russian foothold in Tibet. As Indian officials point out, the British government was 'eager to buttress rather than to belittle the position and strength of China . . . it was the then Central government of China which reaped the benefit of European imperialist rivalries in central Asia.' To the Chinese claim that ten routes were surveyed in this occupied area in preparation for building a road linking Sinkiang and Tibet, the Indian officials replied that there was no case in 'seeking to use occupation to confer legitimacy on trespass.'

Throughout the talks the Chinese refused to discuss the border west of the Karakorum Pass. The Indians described this refusal as 'tantamount to questioning the legality of the accession of the state of Jammu and Kashmir to India.' Since the end of the talks China has agreed to discuss the border situation with Pakistan, thus implicitly endorsing Pakistan's claim to northern Kashmir.

The Chinese also claim an area of 40,000 square miles in the North-east Frontier Agency, an area lying between Bhutan and the point where China, Burma and India meet. The Indians again submitted a weight of evidence that the boundary in this area was settled between India and Tibet at the Simla conference in 1914, though the Chinese representative then repudiated it. Chou En-lai, after giving Nehru the impression that Peking accepted the McMahon Line (and he had agreed to the eastern part of the Line in the recent treaty with Burma), took a different position in January 1959. The McMahon Line, he said, was 'a product of the British policy of aggression against the Tibet region of China.' This argument was repeated in the last Sino-Indian talks.

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The Chinese also refused to discuss the boundary of Sikkim in the Chou-Nehru talks last April. India has control of administration and foreign affairs in Sikkim, and has to be consulted on foreign relations and defence by Bhutan. The Chinese refusal to discuss the boundary seems to be part of a general policy of putting pressure on these two strategically-placed border states. But last week the rulers of both states were in Delhi asking for Indian financial aid. The Maharajah of Bhutan stated flatly that he did not wish to have direct talks with China on the border issue and he asked Mr Nehru to continue to handle this problem under the existing arrangements.

Nepal

Royal Repression and Royal Visit

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* The regal glamour of the Queen's visit to Nepal cannot obscure the fact that the first elected prime minister, Mr B. P. Koirala, and several of his ministers have been under arrest since 15 December, when King Mehendra suspended the constitution. A protest against the royal visit at this time was made in Patna at the end of last month by a number of refugee MPs belonging to the majority party, the Nepali Congress. 'It might', the resolution declared, 'be interpreted by some as implied approval of the King's action'.

This has been a serious setback to the democratic experiment in Nepal. The Congress government, elected in 1959, had made a great impact on this country traditionally ruled by autocratic Ranas. Democratic rights had been guaranteed, education expanded, the construction of roads begun, and small industries – aided by improved communications – had been set up. Foreign aid was being received from the Soviet Union and China, as well as from the US, the UK and India. UN agencies and the Colombo Plan were providing technical assistance and training. The country had been strictly neutral in foreign affairs. The internal administration had been reorganised, and a moderate taxation system introduced.

Yet Mr Koirala and his colleagues had been seriously handicapped by the undemocratic nature of the constitution, by the persisting feudal elements in the society and by palace disapproval of the government's land policy which threatened the wealth of the ruling class.

It is not yet entirely clear what led to the King's coup on 15 December. Charges of corruption in politics, rumours that the army was on the verge of revolt, allegations of personal ambition against the prime minister and claims that law and order were in danger have never been substantiated.

Yet the government is in gaol, the press is muzzled, and the King – of whom no public criticism is permitted – has set up a Council for National Planning with himself as chairman. There are 14 'rectifying committees' composed of members of the armed forces, the police and judiciary, and headed by politicians, most of whom were defeated in the general election. These committees are to tour the country in the next three months and, ominously, they will have 'the status of special courts with special powers to order the detention of elements which they consider anti-social or obstacles in the way of cleansing the administration and society'.

Washington

Money for Minds

A Special Correspondent writes: President Kennedy's education programme, submitted to Congress on Monday, is a serious attempt to meet the crisis in American schools. For too long parsimony in Washington has been encouraged by two political anxieties – that federal aid to schools might raise the issue of aid to Catholic education and that it could be used to put pressure on the segregated school systems of the South.

The President has met both points squarely: he observes the constitutional prohibition of any use of public funds for denominational schools, and has merely ruled that no money from Washington may go to any 'private' school established to get round de-segregation orders by the federal courts.

Mr Kennedy had promised substantial help to education during the election, and there was no doubt about the need for it. Though the educational system received little help in the Eisenhower years, it was abundantly investigated. It was known that neither the building of schools nor the recruitment of teachers was even keeping pace with wastage, let alone with the expanding population. Five years from now the elementary school must accommodate at least eight million more pupils than in 1955, while the increase in high school numbers will be about 12 million. An additional two million students are expected to seek admission to universities and colleges at the end of the same decade.

It has been estimated by the Fund for the Advancement of Education that to staff the school system properly at the 1955 level, the number of teachers must be increased by at least 160 per cent, and an even more rapid rate of increase is needed for college teachers. Something like two million more graduates must go into teaching if demand is to be met, and this is a target that cannot be reached. In the ten-year period, there will be about four million graduates, and on present trends only about 750,000 will become teachers.

Already the schools are running a shift system, and depending on part-time help. And the shortage is most marked in mathematics and science teachers: their rate of recruitment is lower than it was a generation ago.

Mr Kennedy's plan is a beginning. At a cost of over £2,000m, he proposes to give the states the money they need to carry out the most essential repairs to the ramshackle system, to provide more scholarships for 'talented and needy' college students, to give grants directly to colleges, and to provide money both for school-building and teachers' salaries. The most important fact about this programme, however, is that it exists. Once Congress has accepted it there will be mounting public pressure for more federal aid. Americans may value the local control of their schools, but they will value the money to run them even more.

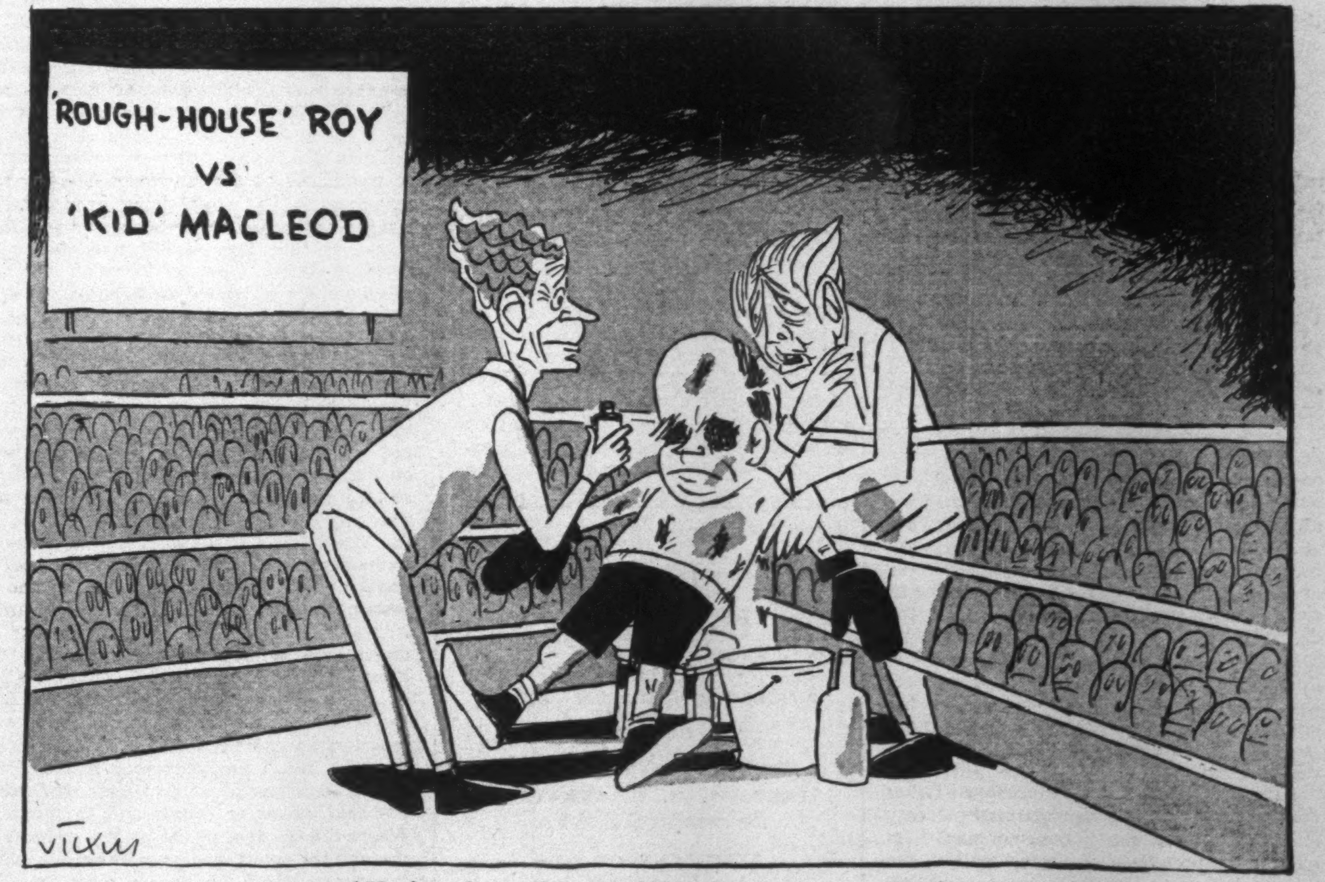
Westminster

The Governors

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: In place of the explosion, an interesting silence. When Mr Iain Macleod had made his statement on the constitution of Northern Rhodesia, Mr Robin Turton put a question which was pregnant with undertones. His signature had headed the list of those Conservative MPs who warned Macleod that he was getting out of line; but now that he was repeating the warning, delicately but before a packed House, his co-signatories offered no echoing murmurs.

Consider the position. Macleod had made a statement which few, if any, in the House were able to believe. He had said that he had yielded to no pressures, that the plan he had announced was entirely his own and that he believed it was the best plan for Rhodesia – all this in face of the back-bench motion, the thunderings of Sir Roy Welensky, the sudden hesitations and postponments at Lancaster House and the switch of African leaders from hopefulness to dismay. The plan Macleod had announced had infuriated both whites and blacks in Rhodesia, had alarmed the Labour opposition and, so far as one could judge, had pleased almost no one in the Conservative Party. Had a Labour minister found himself in such a position, he would have provoked instant and violent reaction. But now the government supporters just sat.

Subsequently, their behaviour was even more strange, at least to the outsider. They moved off to some private meeting and there, instead of tearing each other to bits and without showing much concern about the probable African flare-up, they seem to have accepted Macleod's plan with guarded enthusiasm.



'You're doing fine, Kid. He hasn't hurt us yet.'

One explanation of this behaviour is that Tories in general are professional politicians, concerned not with principles but with office. Macleod, like any other Tory minister, is prepared to put any case forward with vigour, skill and sincerity; and Tory back benchers are prepared to accept that case if they are told to. This is, at best, however, only a part of the truth. A fuller explanation may be found in the Tory belief, which overrides all other considerations, that they have not merely the right but the duty to govern, This is not just a desire for the fruits of office. Rather it is an inner certainty that to them alone is given the gift of leadership.

So when one of their ministers offends they do not harry him, as Labour would, publicly and privately into resignation. At a pinch they will accept his offensive views, rather than risk the pubic clash which might let the Socialists in and so interrupt what should be a permanent mission. The nearest they will go in public is to put down something like Turton's motion; but they won't go through with it. Better a discreet word in the right ear at the right club for curbing or getting rid of objectionable colleagues.

This is not very good for democracy in this country which thrives – if at present it does thrive – only on public debate. It is not very good for African colonies which need to have confidence in the ministers with whom they deal and in the government behind those ministers. But until some catastrophe, such as that in 1940, so undermines Tory faith in themselves that they look for leadership outside their own ranks, it seems to be good for the Tory party.

Civil Disobedience

Sitting Down to be Counted

PAUL FOOT *writes:* On first sight the 4,000 or so who sat patiently on the pavement seemed very much the same as the ordinary Aldermaston crew. They were not wearing dinner-jackets – few do to sit on pavements – and so the press could call them beatniks all right. And they were young. I should say that 90 per cent were under 25, which is a higher ratio than Aldermaston. What was missing was what you might call the 'Durofix' of the movement – the trade unionists were poorly represented, and I don't think there were any MP's. The Aldermaston prize feature – the group at the front, who really ought to march under a banner 'Top People Ban the Bomb' – was replaced by the old man and Michael Scott.

The arguments for civil disobedience are, first, that the situation is so urgent that we are driven to extremity (Russell's), and secondly that there is no future in political action (Scott's). The second has no clear end in view and it is based on an unattractive martyr-complex. The first is valid only if disobedience is *effective.* Many people do not subscribe to civil disobedience because they despise the defeatism of the second argument, and, while they appreciate the urgency of the position, they cannot agree that disobedience is effective. Legal demonstration, they say, has the effect of making people think about the issue; crackpot illegality merely attracts attention to crackpottery.

I think that it is for these reasons – rather than any phoney jibberish about democracy (What could be more undemocratic than nuclear weapons?) – that a great part of the 'Durofix' element in CND stayed away last Saturday. But what of the young people? Certainly I myself and many others I krow who sat outside the Ministry had no intention of going to prison, or even of causing any serious trouble. We went because it was a demonstration protesting against the arrival of Polaris submarines. There was nothing violent or crackpot about sitting on the pavement. It was an excellent idea.

How much further would we go? Should we take part in a demonstration to throw bricks through the Ministry windows? I don't think so. I think a violent, patently provocative action would not get the support of many young people who believe primarily in political action and political achievement. What happened on Saturday was a great defeat for those who believe in civil disobedience. They were beaten by the charm and patience of the London police. (How many policemen ask for extra duty to supervise anti-nuclear demonstrations?) But for the CND it was a great victory. The demonstration was dignified and good-humoured. And it had the effect of attracting the attention of many people to the power of the argument.

Fleet Street

The Right to Privacy

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* Mr George Formby, Lord Mancroft, the Press Council and the new Royal Commission on the Press made Fleet Street's affairs seem less parochial last week. This oddly-assorted bundle of men and institutions were brought together by a common subject – the old one of press intrusion into the privacy of the individual.

It started with the *Daily Mirror* scooping its rivals in an early edition with the news that Mr Formby, an intensely popular Lancashire comedian with an honest toothy grin that has made his fortune, was engaged to marry again 51 days after the death of Beryl, his first wife and reputed soul-mate. By the time the last editions had been printed all the papers had picked up the news; but it was too intriguing a story to die in a day, and the follow-up work was intense.

Two of Fleet Street's star women, Anne Scott-James of the *Daily Mail* and Marjorie Proops of the *Daily Mirror* turned on the heat. Wrote Miss James: 'George Formby's quick engagement is surely a compliment to his first wife, not an insult. It showed that he enjoyed marriage and needs marriage, and if she loved him for 36 years this is what she would have wanted.' Miss Proops was even more emphatic in her endorsement: 'George and Beryl were a show business legend . . . an example to all those who sneered that togetherness in show business is just a myth.'

But the *Daily Express*, no doubt needled by not being first with the news, dug deeper, and uncovered a different story, told in Formby's own words thus: 'For the last 15 years we did not live as man and wife. We tried to keep the drink away from her – the bills cost £20 a week . . . Beryl hated religion and I was never allowed to go to church [Formby is a Roman Catholic] . . . The public built up a certain picture of us, and I had no wish to spoil the illusion.'

This may be unsavoury stuff to some, but it is the kind of news about celebrities that is gobbled up; and the embarrassment of the Misses James and Proops at being caught on the wrong foot is a situation that Fleet Street itself gobbles up. The discomfiture of the two ladies rang the rafters of El Vino's and the other bodegas.

I pondered Formby's confession from another angle – in the light of Lord Mancroft's Right to Privacy Bill which will be debated in the Lords early in March. George Formby has been in the public eye long enough to know what he is doing; show business people live by publicity, and the revelations of his private life will probably enhance his box-office appeal rather than reduce it. But what if this had been a less experienced person, a private citizen not accustomed to the questioning of a clever journalist? And what if he had found himself revealing in print details of his private life that he had no intention of discussing? It happens constantly. The object of Lord Mancroft's bill is to give the individual 'such further protection against the invasion of his privacy as may be desirable for the maintenance of human dignity.' But if news were published 'with consent', no action could be taken – and to establish that an interview was obtained by trickery or under duress would be difficult indeed. I cannot see that Lord Mancroft's proposals would help the victim of sharp press practice.

It is in this direction that the Press Council is in my view doing good work. Despite the fact that its critics complain that it is without 'teeth', its influence on press standards in recent years has been immense. The gossip columns, which a year or two ago were often as scandalous as the American *Confidential* magazine at its worst, have been largely cleaned up – some are so dreary and formless nowadays that they would not enliven a parish magazine. Cases of intrusion into the privacy of the individual are noticeably fewer. Firm instructions are given in many newspaper offices to reporters and photographers that the 'foot-in-the-door' technique is no longer tolerated. Public opinion has been formed by the Press Council, and the derisive view last week expressed by the *Spectator* is not one that, in my opinion, is generally held among newspapermen – though it may have seemed ironically apt in the week that the *Spectator* (in common with the *Observer* and the *Guardian*) was subjected by the Council to the extreme rudeness of being publicly censured without being notified that its affairs were even under consideration.

Ought the new Royal Commission to recommend in these circumstances that the Press Council be given 'teeth', including a lay chairman, or lay members, or both? The first Royal Commission did so, and if the second repeats the recommendation it will be difficult to resist. But I am convinced that a Press Council with 'teeth' would trigger off further powerful efforts to censor and to suppress. Where the freedom of the press is concerned the cure for excess may be more perilous than the disease. And that in my view goes for Lord Mancroft's Privacy Bill, too.

NEXT WEEK

The Expanding Universities

PROF. ASA BRIGGS
a critique of traditional curricula

SIR ERIC ASHBY
on university administration

PROF. W. H. G. ARMYTAGE
the case for Scunthorpe

PRESIDENT OF NUS
what the students want

The Vote that Cousins Cast

The meetings of Labour's 12-man committee appointed to draft a new foreign policy and defence statement show conclusively that there is no genuine spit in the party. Last autumn, the vote of the party conference made it possible to argue that a majority favoured unilateral disarmament and Britain's withdrawal from Nato. This was certainly the gloss that Mr Gaitskell placed on the vote, and it was on the issue of Nato membership that he sought to isolate his opponents and base his 'fight, fight and fight again' policy to get the Conference decision reversed.

We now know this interpretation to be wrong. It arose because at no stage during the pre-conference discussions was a compromise document offered for Mr Cousins' agreement. Hence the attitude of the T & GWU to Nato remained unclarified. The new discussions have at last set matters right. During the course of them, Mr Cousins voted for Mr Crossman's amendment to the official document which was finally approved by the committee. The Crossman amendment states unequivocally that, until Britain's security can be safely guaranteed by a world authority, Britain must fulfil its defence commitments to Nato; indeed, it adds that any attempt to commit a future Labour government to withdrawal from Nato would not be a contribution to world peace. Furthermore, it recognises that America will retain nuclear weapons so long as Russia possesses them. In short, Mr Cousins accepts both Nato and the American nuclear deterrent.

Why, then, did the committee fail to reach unanimous agreement? From what is now known of the documents placed before it, the actual policy differences were small. As this journal pointed out three weeks ago, recent changes in military technology have made nonsense of much of last year's arguments, and the majority draft now accepts this. On only two points does disagreement still exist. First, the majority, while recognising that US bases in Britain will, in due course, become otiose, declines to oppose them as a matter of principle. Secondly, while urging an increase in Nato conventional forces which would enable the alliance to dispense with *tactical* A-weapons, it refuses, for the moment, to repudiate Nato's nuclear strategy – under which the West, faced by a Russian conventional threat, reserves the right to use these weapons first.

Certainly, the tone of the Crossman amendment differs sharply from the majority draft: while the majority appears to accept grudgingly the policy changes dictated by new weapons technology, the defeated amendment positively welcomes them as a contribution to world peace. The first is negative and defensive, the second creative – and as such is far more likely to commend itself to the conference. In the second place, there seems to have been an arbitrary unwillingness, on Mr Gaitskell's part, to accept any amendment, irrespective of its merits, which had secured Mr Cousins' agreement. Mr Gaitskell has thus manoeuvred himself into the position where he attributes an altogether disproportionate importance to the two points of fact on which they still differ.

What happens next? Mr Gaitskell's original aim was to drive Mr Cousins into an anti-Nato posture and then reverse the Scarborough vote on this issue. The first half of this operation has manifestly failed. It is also becoming increasingly likely – this week's AEU vote is a pointer – that the attempt to swing round the big unions will fail too. Mr Gaitskell must therefore face the possibility that, at this year's party conference, the new official policy statement will meet the fate of its predecessor. If this happens – and if he again reacts as he did last year – many of his followers, who believe that the leadership and the parliamentary party cannot repeatedly ignore conference decisions, will be tempted to desert him.

It is thus in the interests of Mr Gaitskell, as well as the party, to abandon his aggressive tactics. By all means let him present his new draft to the conference and endeavour to get it accepted: it is a workable policy, and an advance on anything the leadership has put forward before. But he must understand that those who prefer the amended draft, which the National Executive rejected only by a tiny minority, are fully entitled to put a counter-resolution. Should it be carried – and we believe it would provide a more coherent and vigorous policy – then let Mr Gaitskell loyally accept the decision, and work to implement it. He should, in short, go to conference and tell the delegates frankly: 'I believe my draft is better, and I ask you to vote for it. But if you honestly prefer the alternative, then I bow to your wishes'.

If Mr Gaitskell made it plain now that he took this attitude, he would be sacrificing no vital principle. On the contrary, he would be acting in the proper spirit of the leader of a democratic party – and, in doing so, would go a long way to remove the distrust which many members of the movement at present feel for him.

India's Plan for Survival

THOMAS BALOGH

The tumultuously friendly reception accorded to the Queen in India has coincided with the final acceptance by India's National Development Council of the third five-year plan, designed to create the basis for a Socialist society. This paradox of modern India, with its non-violent liberation and half-finished revolution, explains many of the difficulties the country faces. The political prestige and dominance of Mr Nehru and the Congress Party is by far the greatest advantage India possesses in her struggle to rise from poverty without violence or compulsion. But Nehru is 71, and this makes the third five-year plan crucially important.

While it aims at no more than the most modest targets compatible with national survival, it gives little enough away to unnecessary consumption; and, if it succeeds, India will have made important progress towards laying the foundation of a cumulative growth based on her own efforts alone. There is no insuperable physical barrier to this attempt. But despite the great progress made during the first two plans, success has so far eluded India. It demands patriotic devotion, sustained effort, skilful direction and a great deal of foreign help. And there are signs of flagging; of an increase in barren nationalism and even communalism. The immediate menace of China lies not so much in the occupation of barren and inaccessible tracts of territory as in the distractions it creates in India from the central task of social and economic integration and development. Mr Nehru's leadership, firmly exercised, can overcome these obstacles. He will need, however, not merely goodwill, but purposive planning by the western powers.

There should be no doubt or question about India's achievements since independence. They contrast sharply with the sluggishness which accompanied the *laisser-faire* policy of the dying British administration. Since the first five-year plan was inaugurated in 1951 India has achieved extraordinary progress; the national income has risen by about 40 per cent, or by some 3.5 per cent each year. Food grain production, in particular, has leapt from 50 to 75 million tons. In agriculture perhaps the most important achievement has been that the use of fertilisers has become widespread.

The cream of 'This England' entries 1957-60 with 50 drawings by Vicky is available in book form, price 2s 6d, from newsagents, booksellers or 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

Industrial output has increased by 50 per cent, despite the relative stagnation of the old-established industries such as cotton and jute. Annual coal production has increased from 32 to 53 million tons; pig iron from 1.6 to 3.4 million tons; steel from 1.4 to three million tons; fertiliser production has increased sevenfold, and bicycles are up tenfold. A great number of new industries have sprung up. The social atmosphere – the feudal-mercantile spirit retarding industrial production – has changed. A new, ambitious industrial class has arisen, eager to participate in the development of the country.

The rate of new investment, which was running below five per cent of the national income in 1950, had risen to 11 per cent at the end of the second plan and is to rise to 14 per cent by the end of the third. According to plan, it will have trebled in 15 years, a most impressive performance. In the perspective of India's needs, however, it is still insufficient. The population has increased by some 20 per cent in the last ten years. Thus the advance from the abjectly low level at which the large mass of Indians traditionally live has been very slow.

At the present rate of accumulation, India has not been and will not be able to provide tolerable employment to keep pace with the growth of her population, which seems to be accelerating towards an annual figure of ten million. This figure gives an inkling of the magnitude of the task: four to five million new jobs annually must be created. As the countryside is already heavily over-populated, this will be possible only if they are provided in urban, industrial or service employment. Despite the efforts of the government and the declared principles of government policy, inequality is still on the increase. So long as the agricultural population goes on increasing, no real relief from inequality due to unemployment can be expected. Yet this increase will continue not merely until 1971 but beyond. By 1981, for instance, the rural population will have increased (according to present estimates) by the colossal figure of

80 million; and this estimate assumes a sharp fall in the birth-rate after 1966, an assumption that seems to be based more on hope rather than on fact.

An immense further effort is required, if the further increase in population is not to result in aggravating the disparity in productivity and income between the overcrowded rural and the advancing urban India: capital investment will have to be boosted to at least 20 per cent of the national income, about double the level attained recently, and far above the level yet contemplated even in the preliminary drafts of the fourth plan. Yet if this level of 20 per cent is not attained, and with it a rate of production-growth of at least seven to eight per cent annually (or more than double the present rate), then poverty will continue indefinitely to overwhelm most Indians.

Even the limited success so far achieved has been to a large extent due to foreign aid. As much as 30 per cent of total investment during the second plan has been financed in this way, and by drawing on the accumulated sterling balances. Investment out of domestic resources has hardly increased at all in terms of the national income. Given the clamour for aid by other continents, especially by South America and Africa, it is essential that India should use such aids as may be forthcoming in the next few years in the most efficient possible manner, so as to be able both to stand alone and to achieve a socially tolerable advance. Foreign aid will have to be continued beyond 1970, but it must be used to accelerate Indian expansion.

The basic conception of the third plan is admirable, but its success can be ensured only if the quality of its execution matches that conception. Policies must be concentrated on increasing the domestic resources for investment and raising its productivity. In the first place it is essential to mobilise the rural under-employed and unemployed. The effort to do so has not hitherto been altogether successful. The community development movement will have to be used much more energetically. Another basic condition for increased production is to guarantee the stability of agricultural prices. Agricultural production cannot be expanded in an atmosphere of uncertainty. American and British experience is conclusive in this respect; and price stability is especially essential in India, where the smaller peasants and tenant cultivators are in any case hard pressed.

The establishment of a buffer stock to stabilise the general price-level of the main products of Indian agriculture is one of the most vital conditions of success. Equally important is the need to make the co-operatives attractive; only thus can the peasants be induced to overcome their innate prejudices against modern techniques and economically sized land holdings created. Mr Nehru has understood the importance of this problem; but unfortunately the administrative mechanism has not been quick and efficient in translating his concepts into action.

Administrative improvements are also essential if the admirable industrial programme is to yield full results. Price controls must not be so used as to diminish capital investment. The increase in exports needs to be pressed with great vigour. Iron ore, leather and oilseeds are excellent examples of commodities whose market is growing. Increases in the imports of certain key commodities, which an increase in exports would permit (e.g. fertilisers and machines), could raise Indian production by a multiple of their value. The public sector still represents less than ten per cent of total production; but it is growing at a rapid rate. It has as yet not contributed its share to the financing of the expansion of investment. Much effort will be needed to press for increased efficiency, and the present policy of keeping prices low (inherited from the British regime which was based on *laisser-faire*) will also have to be changed.

The problem of monopoly and profiteering, and of the undue concentration of economic power, could be tackled better if a strong regulatory organ were created, rather than by hoping that the growth of a number of small and in efficient plants will limit economic power or increase employment. Great elasticity will be needed to stimulate the private sector in all fields in which public enterprise is not able to meet demand. Above all, nothing must be done which (like the establishment of a 'popular' car factory which has been foolishly and needlessly promised) would divert savings to consumption.

There is a feeling that the weight of taxation is already crushing. In fact the contribution of direct taxes to the national effort amounts to barely three per cent, and total taxation is hardly ten per cent of the national income. The increase in the income of the upper and middle classes has been considerable, and vast fortunes have been made in capital appreciation both of land and other assets. Yet savings have not increased. It is obvious that more can be done to limit conspicuous consumption out of capital gains and high incomes.

Even the political unity of India depends on economic success. The traditional fragmentation of Indian politics, which caused such untold misery and loss of independence in the past, is at work again. From Andhra to Assam, from Maharashtra to the Punjab, powerful minorities are working, and with success, to split India into linguistic states. It is the supreme irony of Indian history that the abolition of compulsory English will not merely tend to undermine political unity, but is likely to aggravate inequality, as it hampers the access of the lower-income classes to knowledge, especially technical knowledge. Unless the economy develops at a faster rate than at present and achieves economic interdependence and social integration, the forces of unity may well be defeated.

In all these matters foreign governments and the sympathy of people abroad can play a marginal yet decisive role. Above all, foreign aid, if it is to be of real help, must not be tightly bound up with single projects. This practice has already had a bad effect by forcing the establishment of new factories for which foreign loans were available, when existing ones are often only partly employed on account of shortage of essential foreign raw materials for which there are no credits.

The fact that President Kennedy has picked Professor Galbraith as his ambassador in Delhi is encouraging, for he knows India well, is well-liked in government circles, and is an intrepid fighter against lack of imagination and obscurantism in economic affairs. His presence may stimulate new attitudes to problems that have proved insoluble by the traditional methods.

The Great Drug Racket

The latest attack on the National Health Service has highlighted the most intractable problem the service has faced in its dozen years of existence. Although costs have risen steadily in every section, there has usually been a rational explanation and, where necessary, some means of control within the resources of the service itself. In the case of the pharmaceutical services, however, the increase has not only been unchecked but has defied every attempt made to check it, whether by exhorting the doctors about prescribing methods, penalising the patients with charges, or seeking to reach agreements with suppliers regarding the price of drugs and medicines. The problem has also evaded the cumulative wisdom of a succession of expert committees, whether drawn from within or outside the service. It is improbable, therefore, that the new round of impositions will change the situation at all.

The Minister of Health has said that the estimated net cost of the pharmaceutical services for 1961 will be £80m. This does not convey an impression of the extent of the problem without some knowledge of the increase over the years. The figures given in the accompanying table include, in the total cost, the ingredient cost of prescriptions, together with the chemist's on-cost, dispensing fee and container allowance. They show the position as it has built up since the start of the National Health Service in July 1948.

Two features call for comment. One is the unbroken sequence of yearly increases in the cost of each prescription. The other is the significant fact that in 1952 and again in 1957 there was a drop in the number of prescriptions, accompanied, however, by a more than average increase in the cost of each prescrip-

Year	Number of prescriptions	Total cost of prescriptions	Average cost per prescription
1949	202,011,412	£30,331,303	36.06d.
1950	217,144,405	£34,804,535	38.47d.
1951	227,693,920	£41,662,354	43.91d.
1952	215,999,629	£43,768,599	48.63d.
1953	219,756,904	£44,700,963	48.82d.
1954	218,712,815	£45,969,621	50.54d.
1955	226,116,091	£50,343,655	53.44d.
1956	228,879,171	£56,810,940	59.57d.
1957	207,209,397	£60,851,903	70.48d.
1958	203,384,933	£65,475,490	77.26d.
1959	214,029,087	£72,908,155	81.76d.

Full figures for 1960 are not available, but from ministerial statements it appears that there has been a further increase in the cost per prescription from 6s. 10d. to 7s. 4d.

Year	*Percentage of total number of prescriptions*		*Percentage of total ingredient cost*	
	Proprietaries	*Non-Proprietaries*	*Proprietaries*	*Non-Proprietaries*
1950	18	82	44	56
1953	27	73	58	42
1955	36	64	64	36
1957	51	49	74.7	25.3
1958	53	47	75.4	24.6
1959	55	45	77.5	22.5

tion. The explanation can be found in the original imposition of charges in 1951 and the decision implemented in December 1956 to levy a shilling on each item instead of each prescription. The immediate reaction of the medical profession in each case was to increase the quantities prescribed, thereby cushioning the patient to some extent against the full effect of the charges. An incidental result was to cause more waste, and another was to raise the already great amount paid to industry for drugs and medicines. The reaction of doctors towards the current proposals suggests that the story will be repeated this year.

Interesting as these figures are, there is another set which perhaps shows even more strikingly the trend towards higher costs. The table printed above shows the respective balance between proprietary and non-proprietary medicines prescribed over a number of years and their respective percentages of the total ingredient cost of all prescriptions. It is based on sample analyses of a representative number of prescriptions, and the source of the figures is the Ministry of Health.

More than three quarters of the total drug bill is now being spent on proprietaries, the largest single therapeutic group being the antibiotics (20.4 per cent in 1959). It is a strange outcome to the repeated official exhortations to prescribe standard preparations and to avoid prescribing proprietaries wherever possible.

An increased drug bill is not, of course, something in itself to be deplored. If it contributes to the better health and greater happiness of the nation, it is part of the healthy growth represented by most of the expenditure on the National Health Service. There is no doubt that new medicines and improved techniques would have caused some increase in any circumstances. There is, however, a widespread feeling that the service is not getting value for money, and that the patient is being penalised for defects and shortcomings in pharmaceutical arrangements. There are two elements in the problem, the first relating to the position within the service itself and the second to the role of the immediate beneficiaries of the expenditure, the drug manufacturers.

So far no government has found the right point at which to attack the rise in drug costs. Since 1949 there have been repeated injunctions to doctors to avoid over-prescribing and to prescribe BPC equivalents instead of proprietaries. The figures given above show how ineffective they have been, and how the balance has been steadily tipped towards proprietary prescribing, with its heavy costs in the way of packaging, advertising, sales representation, trade margins and transport. There are several reasons. One is the contractual relationship between service and doctor, which makes it difficult to issue directives. Others are laziness, overwork and zeal to keep abreast with new developments; all these in varying degree, according to which is the motivating factor, make doctors susceptible to the unremitting pressure of the manufacturers. Even those without time to read the mass of sales literature posted to them cannot fail to be affected by the heavy advertising in their professional journals, or the persistent calls of canvassers offering samples.

Taxing the patient has also proved ineffective. Although the average patient may have too much faith in medicines he does not normally demand an expensive branded preparation, because he is unaware of its existence. Increased prescription charges may transfer part of the financial burden to the consumer, but they will not cut the drug bill. It is clear then that neither exhortations to doctors nor charges to patients can cope with the problem. Can anything else be done?

Starting within the service, would it be practicable to require all doctors by law to prescribe standard BPC formulations to the exclusion of proprietaries? Apart from administrative difficulties, one of which arises from the fact that general practitioners are not salaried servants of the Minister, this would do more harm than good. Although the claims of the industry as regards research may be exaggerated, the paucity of research within the service makes it inevitable that standard equivalents will not exist in every case. The high proportion of proprietary prescribing due to the antibiotics helps to demonstrate this.

Although there is too much prescribing of proprietaries, it is impossible to say that none shall be prescribed at all. Any law which attempted to define exceptions would rely upon differing professional opinions, and would be unworkable. It would also be unacceptable to the medical profession, which on this occasion would have good grounds for saying that the patient was being sacrificed to administrative and economic convenience.

It has been suggested that manufacturers should be required to publish the standard constituents of proprietary medicines on labels and wrappers. Whilst this might have the salutary effect of eliminating worthless products, it would be unlikely to check the level of prescribing. Whatever the merits of some of the pseudo-scientific remedies pushed on the public by popular advertising – and these are not the proprietaries with which the service is concerned – the majority of drugs prescribed through the health service are ethically sound and conform to the claims of the manufacturers. What is at issue is not their performance but their cost, and the printing of formulae would make no contribution to reduction. If anything, the reverse would be the case.

Similar objections apply to the stricter control of proprietary advertising. As long as the National Health Service relies upon the privately owned drug trade for its supplies it must accept the promotional methods of the trade. Again, any attempt to define quantitative or qualitative control by law would be doomed by its uncertainty in operation.

Coming to terms with the industry by price control is the next possibility. This has been tried with scant success In 1957 an agreement was made for regulating on a 'reasonable maximum price basis' the cost of 4,000 proprietaries. It was supposed to save the modest sum of £750,000 a year, but in 1959 the Comptroller and Auditor-General reported a saving of only £412,000. Another scheme is now being tried, but with so little knowledge of basic costs and no control over manufacturing processes the Ministry can have little hope of doing better. It is in the hands of the industry and must accept the answers given.

A more hopeful economy has been indicated by joint purchasing arrangements in the hospital service, which have sometimes led to bulk buying abroad on good terms. One London hospital saved thousands of pounds last year by buying its supplies of tetracycline on the Continent. The cost of tetracycline in Britain, where it is manufactured by US subsidiaries, is £64 7s. per 1,000 tablets; supplies bought in Europe, allowing for shipment costs, averaged £38 10s. per 1,000. Another drug, hydrochlorothiazide, costs £15 per 1,000 in Britain, against £5 10s. in Italy, where it is made by another subsidiary of the same firm. It is estimated that such drugs alone add some millions to the NHS bill each year. Unfortunately buying by hospitals is the lesser part of the problem, the essence of which lies in the prescribing done by general practitioners for patients on their lists. The organisation of the medical service makes joint buying impossible, although it might be otherwise if general practice were based on health centres.

It is relevant now to examine the financial results of the industry, because this is the one point of attack which has not yet been tried. Some striking figures are available. In 1950 Glaxo showed a trading profit of £3,321,900, which by June 1960 had risen to £8,500,000, more than £1,400,000 greater than the preceding year. British Drug Houses made £589,000 in 1950, and this rose to £749,720 in 1955 and £905,000 in 1959. Boots achieved £10,935,150 in 1960, compared with £8,002,260 in 1959 and £3,143,830 in 1950. Aspro-Nicholas made £1,344,980 in 1960, an increase over 1959 of £300,000, and almost double the 1950 figure. There are no figures for the American firms operating in this country, which include such well known names as Parke-Davis, Abbott Laboratories, Pfizer, Warner and Cyanamid; but in a recent television interview it was admitted by a spokesman that in one year their profit was 70 per cent.

Here then is a public service which is wastefully expensive because it has no control over manufacture or research and is forced to accept costly packaging and sales methods for the products it must have. It relies upon an industry which is making great and increasing profits. The products are not luxuries, but goods essential to human health and happiness. All previous attempts to deal with the situation have failed; and although other suggestions have been made, they can be seen on examination to be half-measures or impracticable. The more the problem is examined the stronger becomes the conviction that this is a field in which the case for public ownership is one of overwhelming public interest.

London Diary

CHARON

There have been several black-hearted comments on the murder of Lumumba; but perhaps the record for sheer malevolence has been set by the *Daily Telegraph's* columnist, 'Peter Simple'. In our world, heavy still with the terrible guilt of Fascism and the Bomb, Stalinism and the wave of neo-Barbarism – which we may have just a chance of liquidating – it seems curiously egregious. He improved on the shining hour with a strange incitement, or so it seemed, to the London lumpen-mob to counter-demonstrate – not diminished by his tail-end disclaimer.

> I don't know how many of the people who spent Sunday evening spewing out their senseless hatred against the Belgian Embassy really thought they were paying tribute to the memory of the black fanatic who died last week in the Congo at the hands of his fellow blacks.
>
> One thing is certain. There is a danger, if these highly organised demonstrations continue, that they will, in due course, provoke highly organised counter-demonstrations by people who will know just as well how to stir up the stinking waters of racial hate and every sort of vile prejudice for their own purposes.
>
> A right-wing mob is no prettier than a left-wing mob. Nobody in his senses wants to see the situation of pre-Hitler Berlin repeated in London.

I don't know who writes this humorous column now. It used, I believe, to be Colin Welch, who, however much one may disagree with his views on almost every subject under the moon, had, at least, a certain humanist touch. This is something you cannot say of the present Simpleton. On Congolese and African affairs, in general, he gives you the impression of being almost Belgian in his strange cold hatred of any kind of native advancement.

★ ★ ★

You can hardly open a newspaper these days without reading about a new sensational tranquilliser. And if you look in the medical press you will find them advertised by the dozen. It is interesting, and perhaps mildly alarming, to note how the advertising agencies use much the same persuasion methods, most of them based on irrational appeals, when trying to sell pills to doctors to prescribe for their patients as they do when selling them direct to the presumably more gullible patients themselves.

There is an air of greater expertise in the advertisements in the medical papers; but some of the copy writers use homely terms, like 'highly-strung' accompanied by a block of a lady violinist. And there are some optimistic illustrations of before and after. Yet I saw that Dr J. J. Groen, writing in a recent number of *The Practitioner* on 'The Biological Approach to Mental Disease', remarked that: 'The medical world was, and is still, not scientifically prepared for a clearly indicated use of the tranquillisers, and there is a great discrepancy between the haste and waste with which the chemical industry has put them at our disposal, and our understanding of their specific indications and mechanism of action ... There are already considerable differences of opinion about their clinical indications and usefulness.' H'm. I doubt if we should hear quite so much about 'living in a pharmacological revolution' if it wasn't for the high pressure salesmanship and public relations of the drug houses.

I must confess to a little sympathy with the Broadmoor nurses. Their protests about the difficulty of controlling troublesome patients do tend to crop up when a wage claim is on the way. But they are triggered by a problem that's only now beginning to be courageously tackled. This is the struggle between constructive treatment and mere restraint. I remember Dr J. S. Hopwood – medical superintendent there some years ago and one of the most humane of men – telling me that most mental patients understand not only the difference between right and wrong but the moral purpose of punishment. He wasn't talking about punitive violence; but he held, anyway in theory, that not to punish them in *some* way amounted to a deprivation and might even militate against a cure. (Broadmoor has a fairly high rate of successes.) The difficult patients are not, on the whole, among the murderers, who make up the bulk of the Broadmoor population, but among the violent and tricky offenders who have been found insane without putting up insanity as a plea. One way of looking at the Broadmoor problem is to consider the epileptic: he may have to be restrained at times, though it is better to let him have his fling if possible. But you don't punish him afterwards if he happens to have broken a couple of chairs.

★ ★ ★

Well done the *Daily Express* gossip columnist, William Hickey. He was almost faultlessly misinformed, last Monday, on the subject of Penelope Gilliatt's political trends. I suppose he was trying to have a dig back at her after her famous gossip-columnist analysis in the *Queen* last April. 'She used,' he wrote, 'to be something of an intellectual tearaway: Left-wing in her views and adamant in her arguments . . .' He went on to suggest she was becoming an apostle of orthodoxy. All I can tell him is that she was in Trafalgar Square on Saturday rooting enthusiastically for Bertrand Russell. How do I know this? Because the Gilliatts were villainously late for tea on Charon's barge, which he is sometimes allowed to moor in mid-Styx when there is a pause in the ghost traffic.

★ ★ ★

The Pillow Book of Mao Tse-tung. For my second instalment of this miniature anthology of the Red Emperor's writings, I offer you some samples of literary criticism. The object is sectarianism in propaganda. This, Mao castigates as 'the party eight-legged essay'. Here he goes:

> We oppose subjectivism and sectarianism, but if the party eight-legged essay is not eliminated, the two will still have a hole in which to hide themselves. If we also abolish the party eight-legged essay, we shall checkmate both subjectivism and sectarianism, and these two monsters, once shown in their true colours, can be easily killed, just as a rat crossing the street is chased by all passers-by . . .
>
> The first indictment against the party eight-legged essay is its empty, long-winded wordiness. Some comrades love to write long articles, but such articles are exactly like the foot-bandages of a slut, long and smelly. Why must they write articles so long and yet so empty? The only possible explanation is that they are determined to discourage people from reading them.

★ ★ ★

After about half a dozen crossed wires and missed encounters, I fetched up at the Duke of York's Theatre in time for a run-through of *The Connection*. This is the American play about drugging. The subject is apt to be misrepresented by the yellow press: purveyors of coarse opium are bound to be jealous of competition. In fact, as you can tell with half an eye, this is a healthy exercise. The case, headed by the brilliant and exceptionally intelligent young actor, Warren Finnerty, who plays the part of the sociophile drug-mad host to the beat-addicts, gave me the impression of being about as normal as it is possible to be in the modern world. Finnerty and the producer, Seymour Hacker, both told me something of the history of this play's reception in New York. It was many months before most established critics (always excepting the *Observer's* Kenneth Tynan then visiting New York) could be persuaded that this was a play and not a faked-up orgy.

★ ★ ★

Belatedly, from Moscow, comes this item about the all-in conference of Communist Parties. It was held in one of the halls inside the Kremlin during an exceptionally busy period, when visitors included the Cuban *corps de ballet*. The General of Police in charge of security ops felt it was getting beyond him. He was found groaning with his head in his hands. How, he said, is it possible to arrange security for a conference which is being held under the conditions of a state fair? In the end he rang for his Zis and was driven off to his *datcha* in a sulk. The Muscovite audience, meanwhile, went on displaying super-tact rooting enthusiastically for the Cuban ballet. This, however vital, was not exactly traditional.

★ ★ ★

My telephone, which is always giving me crossed lines these days, prompted a pleasing dream. I picked up a call between two property speculators. 'I hear we can make a bid for Claridges', said one.

'Two million they want', said a voice at the other end.

'Snap it up,' said the party of the first part.

There was a pause. Then the second voice said, 'Where do we get the £100 deposit?'

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Chairman of the visiting committee at Barlinnie Prison, Mr D. Pollock Smith, told Aberdeen Rotary Club today that he had seen every prisoner hung there since 1925.

He said he was in favour of both capital punishment and corporal punishment.

Condemned men were always bright and breezy, and had a wash and shave before going to the scaffold, he said. – *Aberdeen Evening Express*. (C. Smith.)

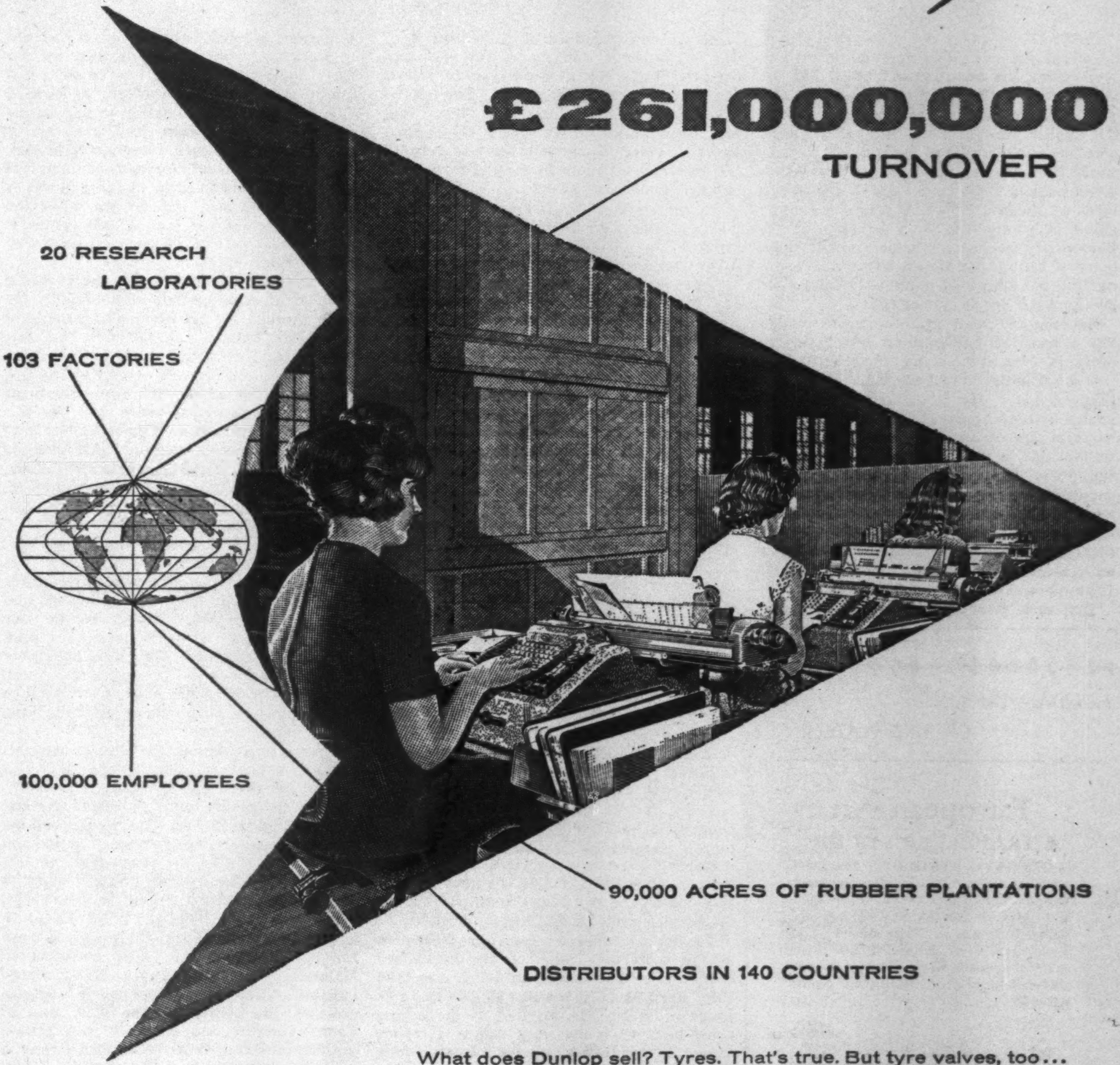
Holding a petition in his hand he [Lord Russell] approached the Ministry door. Hammer and nails were ready.

Was this to be a great historic moment, as when Luther nailed his theses on the church door at Wittenburg? Unfortunately not, because a resourceful official of the Ministry came out and lent Lord Russell some sticking tape – *Sunday Telegraph*. (C.N.D.)

Leonard Allen, an estate agent, of Brighton Road, Purley, who broke his top and bottom false teeth when he bit into a custard tart which still had the metal baking tin attached to it, failed in an action for damages against F. Broomfield, Limited, bakers, of Croydon, at Croydon county court yesterday.

Allen agreed in evidence that he was very fond of custard tarts and ate them 'blindly'. – *Guardian*. (Terence Morris.)

BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL


£261,000,000
TURNOVER
20 RESEARCH LABORATORIES
103 FACTORIES
100,000 EMPLOYEES
90,000 ACRES OF RUBBER PLANTATIONS
DISTRIBUTORS IN 140 COUNTRIES

What does Dunlop sell? Tyres. That's true. But tyre valves, too... millions of them each year... the rubber lining for a complete reservoir... two hundred different kinds of rubber mouldings for the aircraft industry... basketball boots... disc brakes... conveyor belting... And these are only a few of the thousands of products marketed by Dunlop, in 1959 to the sum of £261 million. A record turnover, and the product of steady growth. The organisation behind the new Dunlop symbol is one of the most enterprising and progressive in the world.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

[illegible]

WALES: THE DREAM AND REALITY

The Revival of a Nation

W. JOHN MORGAN

On St David's Day daffodils or leeks will be worn, the one, it's tempting to believe, symbolising the delicacy and beauty of the Welsh dream, the other a coarser reality. That difference exists. There is, for example, the English view of the Welsh, of a people who live either on Snowdon, or near a coal-mine, from which they emerge, blackfaced, hymn-singing. And then there is the Welsh view of themselves, of a people naturally gifted in poetry and song, scholars at the slate-quarry face, orators underground, whose sense of history and defeat have lent them a quality of innocence peculiarly useful in civilising the British way of life.

Between these two attitudes and the reality lies a troubled battleground which, in the 1960s, is going to see many crucial actions.

It is an indication of the way things have changed that, today, in a discussion of Welsh affairs it seems reasonable to concentrate on 'cultural' questions. This would have been unthinkable in 1936 on the last occasion that the NEW STATESMAN published a Welsh supplement. The difference is prosperity, which permits concentration on the cultural obsession. In this supplement, two distinguished Welsh writers, together with Swansea's most notable 'visiting fireman', cast a light on what Wales means to them.

But, first, glance back over quarter of a century. Then, one-third of the labour force was out of work; emigration was in spate: the three horsemen of poverty, tuberculosis and despair ravaged the valleys. The anonymous author of that supplement – it was that most level-headed of Welshman, Dr Thomas Jones – needed to resort to irony to describe the appalling situation. In the end it required another horseman – war – to begin the economic revival; the Labour government's policy of industrial distribution crucially nurtured it: in spite of pertubations since and occasional months of serious fright, the country moves into the Sixties healthier than it has ever been. This means no more than living as well as the Southern English have long taken for granted.

HOLIDAY-PLANNING
OR BIRD-WATCHING?

European Art
A TRAVELLER'S GUIDE
WOLFGANG STADLER 'This most welcome volume . . . handles the main theme concisely and with authority: 470 illustrations, 106 in full colour, are expertly chosen . . . The most helpful travel guide yet compiled for those many thousands who visit . . . Europe and wish to see her masterpieces.' *Studio*
9½"×6" 42s

Nelson's Atlas of European Birds
Professor K. H. VOOUS *Preface by* Sir A. LANDSBOROUGH THOMSON 'Luxurious, vast . . . zoögeographical survey of the 419 European breeding birds, showing their world-wide range by means of two-colour maps, one for each species and textual notes on distribution, habitat, movement, etc. 355 superb photographs,' *Punch*
14"×10½" 70s

NELSON

But so strong is the memory of that earlier Wales in the minds both of industrialists and workers that the instinct remains to touch wood, whether board-room table, pit prop or fettling shovel handle, while singing the praises of the new industrial dynamic. The situation now exists, however, in which if prosperity lasts much longer the customarily morose analysis – 'it can't last, boy' – will vanish and be seen to be, in the jargon, an environmental attitude rather than an inherent quality of the Welsh soul.

Not everyone would agree with this reading of the situation. One of the main sources of affluence, for example, has been the rationalisation and enormous expansion of the steel and tinplate industries into the mass-production plants at Margam, Trostre, Velindre, Shotton, Ebbw Vale and now Llanwern near Newport. The Steel Company of Wales alone has spent some £230 million in the past decade. Nearly all British tinplate is produced in South Wales; over half the nation's sheet steel comes from Welsh mills. But what, one is asked by men with long memories and a cool cast of mind, if the motor-car, refrigerator and washing-machine industries which use plate and sheet, do not recover from the current recession? And, if it comes to that, why doesn't the Welsh steel industry produce the heavier steels of the English north?

The peculiar force of these questions rests in the echo they raise of an unbalanced economy, of that century in which iron (and then steel) and coal were almost the sole props of Welsh life. So that as the echoes come back from the steep valleys everyone shouts 'diversification' all the harder, noting how the Midlands and the South-east of England ride most storms by this technique. The echo is, however, a faint one since Welsh industry *is* nowadays remarkably diversified, its trading estates flourishing, its engineering shops diversified, so much so that Professor Brinley Thomas, in a new and glossy publication by the Development Corporation of Wales, reminds us that the period between 1921 and 1938 was a temporary lapse in what would otherwise have been a century of extraordinarily dynamic Welsh industrial development.

Certainly the portrait of the Welshman as coal-miner is no longer a true one. As late as 1938 miners formed one-quarter of the Welsh labour force; now they are less than one-eighth. There are only 83,000 of them, and the current problem is not so much unearthing work for them as finding men for the highly-efficient mines. One is even presented with the strange yet likely prospect of Richard Thomas and Baldwins needing to beguile the expatriate Welsh, or even the English, across the border to man their Llanwern strip mill. The latest statistics of employment show that new factories scheduled or building in Wales demand 30,000 men and women, while the currently unemployed total 27,000 (which is nevertheless a rate of 2.6 per cent compared with the English 1.9).

It remains true, though, that the euphoria this kind of evidence induces holds only for a trip through the heavily built-up areas of South-east Wales – as far west as, say, Llanelly. And even within the built-up area the euphoria can scarcely extend to the sick or injured – of which, like any other coalfield, South Wales has more than its fair share. But travel on to Pembrokeshire and north to Anglesey through the faded quietude of the spas, and, in the economic sense alone, a less salubrious portrait may be examined. To a certain extent this has been true throughout the past decade.

Making a similar journey three years ago, when the Welsh unemployment rate was nearly double the present figure, proved to be a sad experience. Then the anthracite and tinplate areas of West Wales were in poor shape, the mines and drifts closing, the pack mills being decimated. Men who had given their lives to the industries seemed to have no prospects. For them the future proved not to be so bleak; elsewhere there has been little lasting improvement.

This deterioration at the extremities, this collapse of places of great natural beauty at the end of the line, may seem improbable. Haven't a refinery and a tanker terminal been built at Milford Haven? So how can the unemployment rate be running at 15 per cent there? Why should the North-west be distressed when the nuclear power station at Trawfynydd is visibly rising, its framework like a gate to the Moelwyn hills? The truth is that enterprises of this kind provide work for the locals only in their construction. Naturally they raise hopes of 'ancillary' industries. Rumours of imminent factories are rife: the natives of the West, and of Caernarvonshire and Anglesey, will believe in them when they see them, if then. The same goes for that promised (threatened?) incursion of Midlanders to the spas.

Meanwhile the contrast between one portion of Wales and much of the rest points in a dramatic fashion peculiar cultural divisions and torments, peculiar in the sense that they are the familiar obsessions with Admass and morality heightened by historical and linguistic differences. The anglicised areas flourish, and become even more anglicised; the Welsh-speaking areas decline and lose their Welsh-speaking inhabitants to the places where, to put it as some would, materialism, drink and other forms of English godlessness flourish.

One in four of the inhabitants of Wales speaks Welsh (another 150,000 Welsh-speakers are believed to live outside Wales, bringing the bi-lingual total to around one

Sweetest corn you ever did see!

Sweet indeed are the fruits of the earth, and all should enjoy them. Tragically, on our overcrowded planet, one man's snack is all too often another man's supper. Here in Britain, the problem is economic, our need being to produce food at *lower cost*. This the farmer achieves with his traditional skills, aided increasingly by agricultural chemicals.

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million). Only in the North and West, with spearheads reaching deeply into Llanelly, less deeply into Swansea, Neath and Port Talbot, are there Welsh-speaking communities: elsewhere it is a case of isolated families or groups, often groups of the intelligentsia at university colleges, schools or in the BBC. Always excepting the anthracite and tinplate trades, English is the language of industrial affluence.

Even six years ago, when I worked at the huge Margam steelworks, I heard little Welsh spoken, although many of us were West Walians. Now, I am told, there is less than ever. Techniques of personnel management are Americanised; white safety helmets are *de rigueur*; the car parks are crammed; on the summer beaches the steelworkers equip themselves with every conceivable aid to the good life; country clubs flourish; in the off-licences recondite brands of whisky are demanded; enormous bungalows are a status symbol; miners' cottages, 100 years old, bristle with electric gadgets, are extended for bathrooms; personal savings reach extraordinary heights.

But the arguable difference between the idea of Wales and the reality is going to be put to two dramatic tests this year, first over Sunday Opening, and secondly over the question of whether or not the four constituent colleges of the University of Wales should be created separate universities. The importance of the latter lies in the mystical notion that the university, as such, predicates a separate and united country. Disruption will be represented as a victory for the new, and alien, men.

With Sunday opening, the texture of debate becomes richer. Here is a genuine political issue in which the various senses of guilt, sin, patriotism, tradition, appetite and fear can reasonably be expected to play their part. That something like 1,000 clubs are anyway open on the Sabbath in the principality is unlikely to cloud the issue. What is clouding the issue, however, is a preliminary skirmish along these lines. Since Sunday closing was introduced 80 years ago by the wishes of the whole Welsh people, and was, it is argued, an attempt to establish the nationalistic principle of special legislation for Wales, the act's revocation should also be by an expression of the will of the whole people.

If, as seems likely, this skirmish, or gambit, fails, battle will seriously be joined in the late summer and autumn. Already it has curious overtones. The ancient and powerful division between church and chapel has been revived by the Archbishop of Wales's approval of Sunday opening. A number of publicans do not wish to lose their day of rest. Nevertheless the central battle will remain between the old Welsh way of life and the new – gross though a referendum on the drink question may seem as an instrument to gauge so delicate an issue.

Inevitably most of the usual cultural consequences of affluence also operate in anglicised Wales. Keeping up with the Jones's is obviously more common. For the first time a substantial Welsh middle class is emerging. As yet, however, except for the narrow defeat at Swansea West in the last general election, the Labour Party has not yet felt the pinch; indeed the Nationalist Party, exercising its glamorous appeal to the young, idealistic intelligentsia, remains more debilitating to it than the Tory. How long both these factors will endure is another question of the Sixties, a question which has much to do with how long Welsh life retains its flavour as language and chapel decline.

In an important sense the Nationalist Party (*Plaid Cymru*) needs the language, since it preserves the romantic link with the old, defeated Wales. It also keeps alive the endearing evidence of a unified nation whose social life was always short on class-consciousness and long on the courtesies of common interest. These qualities combined with the 20th-century sort of smart initiative which created the 'pirate' radio have placed the *Blaid* in a position where they have no member of parliament, but 15,000 party members, while the Labour Party has 28 MPs and some 40,000 members. The dream obviously exerts its sway over heart rather than head or pocket. But for most of us both the dream and any reality which lacks a strong Welsh accent is unacceptable: being Welsh has its burdens as well as its more obvious delights.

Affluence permits us all to luxuriate in analysing the culture. Now that Welshmen can afford to buy daffodils for all the family on St David's Day, it would, though, be a pity if they forgot why they were wearing them.

From Another Country

GORONWY REES

When we were children in Wales, we lived in so small and confined a world, so perfectly adapted to a child's needs, that one knew every single detail of it as if it were one's own. And indeed its details were so few that one could have taken them up and counted them, as one counted the collection of sea shells one picked up on the shore, and to each one of them attached a story which was a story of the past. They were like those objects in fairy stories which suddenly speak with human voices and assure one that there is no difference between the animate and the inanimate world.

I imagine that childhood has for everyone something of this magical quality, and that in this we in Wales were no different from anyone else. Yet language, geographical remoteness, a highly esoteric religion, seemed to give our small world an extra dimension of safety and isolation. We were triple-barred against intruders.

Sometimes even today the sense of what it was like to live within that world returns to me with a shock of recognition. At Christmas time this year I was staying near Harlech and one day we visited an island of shells. It was a cold sunny morning, snow on the peaks of the mountains, heavy golden bars of sunshine across the sea when the sun pierced the clouds. We looked for cowries on the beach, which was scattered with silvery sprats thrown up during the night by the storm. Three small ragged children leading a horse and cart were collecting the sprats and smoking them on a wood fire and when they saw us they told us we were not to take their fish; at least, they said, we could take those with one eye but not those with two, which they were taking home for their cats.

'We have a dog too,' one of them said, and then added without affectation, 'but he has gone to Jesus.' And for a moment I was myself a small boy again, as ragged as them, standing on just such a beach, though at night then, marvelling at the miraculous shoal of silver fishes that lay thick on the sand and gleamed and dazzled in the moonlight.

I suspect that in the heart of every Welshman, buried beneath his obsessions with total abstinence, administrative intrigue, Sabbath observance, the decay of the Welsh language and the follies of the Welsh selectors, there lie memories of scenes like these which still preserve, encapsulated in his everyday experience, the magical world of childhood. Perhaps indeed they are the only real source of the Welshman's *hiraeth*, the sense of homesickness and nostalgia, to which every prosperous Welsh draper, milkman or grocer likes to refer in his after-dinner speech to a London Welsh society. In Wales speeches about *hiraeth* play the same part as public school reminiscences at Old Boys' dinners play in English life.

But no one except inveterate addicts of the old school tie takes its strange mythology seriously any longer. Englishmen today recognise that the Public school, and its associated ideology, are strictly a business of the cash-nexus and a Welshman in England is often profoundly grateful to the English for their admirable commonsense which compels them to change their ideas according to how their bread is buttered. In Wales we have greater and more subtle capacities for self-deception; we like the butter on our bread but also like to think it is good Welsh farmhouse butter from some little holding in the hills, even when it is only margarine from Unilevers.

Of all the Welshman's sources of self-deception, none is more productive of comedy, or even farce, than his successful effort to persuade himself that the Land-of-Heart's-Desire is geographically and historically identical with the country which he actually inhabits today, that is to say, a land where the great and growing majority speak English and not Welsh, do not live from the produce of the land but from coal mines, steel mills, chemical plants and oil refineries, and regard the efforts of educational authorities to force their children to learn the Welsh language with profound irritation and dismay.

The most obvious, as it is the most ludicrous, product of this kind of self-deception is of course the Welsh National Eisteddfod, where once a year the black-booted scions of the Welsh Establishment (who are very much more easily identifiable than their counterparts in England) masquerade as Druids and as bards and, amid much self-approbation, try by weird rites to conjure life out of the corpse of a dying culture. But even on less publicised and less royal occasions, in schools, university colleges, meetings of county councils, the National Library, the National Museum, one may any day find countless interesting little ceremonies going on in Wales, complete with harps, *pennillion* singers, Welsh hats, Archdruids, child-sopranos and Tom Ellis, which are no less absurd than the Eisteddfod, though they may not quite rise to the macabre grandeur of its follies.

But perhaps the Welsh talent for the absurd will not, in our time, reach its peak until the induction of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales; and on that occasion, we may be sure, much thought, passion, pedantry and malice will be devoted to that burning question of national life: Would this pantomime be more appropriately staged in Cardiff or Caernarvon? For the Welsh claim to be an

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the life and problems of Wales
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Hymns of Praise (illustrated above) concluded the extensive TWW coverage of the Royal National Eisteddfod; every four weeks the music of *Land of Song* is networked throughout Great Britain; four special Welsh programmes are produced each week as well as a daily Welsh news bulletin; in the varied range of programmes produced by TWW is always included something of the specific character of the region it serves.

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independent nation only in order that they may more freely indulge the vindictive animosities which divide the North and the South.

The continuous confrontation of the illusion with the fact makes Wales, as Caradoc Evans, Dylan Thomas, and Gwyn Thomas have shown, a richly rewarding field for the Comic Muse, though even they have fallen short of the reality. Yet this contradiction also has its tragic side, especially for the young who are continually exhorted, in schools, chapels, colleges, the Welsh press and by the BBC, to accept as truth, and applaud as admirable, ideas which are flagrantly irrelevant to any of the real problems which they themselves have to face.

So gross and continuous an assault upon the innocence of youth has a strangely enervating effect upon its victims, so that, unless they are very exceptional, or escape across the border, before very long they begin to accept like their elders that the only genuinely interesting problems in life today are Sunday closing, bi-lingual education, the decay of the chapel, and exactly how great a poet Dafydd ap Gwilym really was or was not. For a generation which is as talented as one could find anywhere that is in a sense a tragic fate; that is why I have often wished to apply to Wales Joyce's phrase about our dear sister across the sea: 'Ireland is an old sow that eats her farrow'.

Fortunately, the young can vote with their feet, and I myself regard it as one of the most healthy and hopeful portents for the future of Wales that more and more young people leave it every day and find across the border an escape from the follies and trivialities which obsess their elders; only one would like to warn them that, wherever they go, to London, to Manchester, to New York, Philadelphia, Patagonia, Brazil, and I have no doubt Kamchatka, there they will find a little society of Welsh elders anxious to convince them of the truth of the lie they have been trying to escape; that the dead and the past are the only things that are of value in a nation's life.

Both the comedy and the tragedy of Wales today arise from the resolute refusal of her people to recognise that values which arose directly out of 19th-century conditions have little relevance to the world as it is today. Together with this refusal, which represents an intellectual collapse which would have shocked and horrified their 19th-century ancestors, goes a willing acceptance of the most vulgar aspects of the commercialism which they so much deplore in other and more advanced peoples.

So far has this process advanced that one might well regard Wales today as, in Graham Greene's phrase, a burnt-out case, in which cure is not necessary or possible because there are no more faculties left for the disease to attack. One need not, however, take quite so depressing a view. For the forces of scientific and industrial advance and of economic change which have destroyed and are destroying the pastoral and peasant basis of Welsh culture are also the forces which will provide it with new life. As Holderlin says:

> *Wo aber Gefahr ist*
> *Wächst das Rettende auch.*

After all, it is one of one's sources of pride in one's country that it has produced the South Wales Miners' Federation. Such forces will transform Wales whether Welshmen choose to recognise it or not; but we are likely to remain Welshmen, or even men at all in any recognisable form, only if we accept and understand them and make them consciously our own. It is quite simply a question of whether we can humanise them or they will dehumanise us. Only in so far as we accept that they are the most important forces in our country, as in every other, will it be possible perhaps to say one day that Gerard Manley Hopkins was wrong when he wrote:

> Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,
> All the air things wear that build this world of Wales;
> Only the inmate does not correspond.

Red Dragon Blues

KINGSLEY AMIS

'What made you choose Swansea?' is a question – with 'Swansea' uttered in the tone one might use for a phrase like 'that extraordinary cardigan' – that those London folk put to me fairly regularly. I will knock this one out of the way for a start with the information that it was Swansea, or rather a committee of its University College, which chose me.

Those were the days in which I was circulating details of my personal history and habits round most of the larger towns in these islands, meanwhile visualising myself on a perpetual shuffle between interviews, committed to them as to a career, domiciled in trains and hotels on alternate nights, and financed by travelling expenses. I was in no position to object to Swansea, least of all because it seemed to be in Wales. I had the half-conscious reassurance, no doubt, of facts like England and Wales being the same geography lesson and sharing the same tables of statistics about drunkenness and illegitimacy. And Dylan Thomas was Welsh, and so was Jack Lewis, an army friend of mine with the most laugh-engendering laugh I had ever heard.

Except as a visitor, I know only parts of Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, but since this is where most of the Welsh live I feel I have enough evidence to assess that thing called 'the Welsh character', which the Welsh themselves so often mention and, caught up as many of them are in a life-imitating-art-imitating-life cycle, energetically promote. Parts of this image are friable enough, more truly to be seen as aspects of the British provincial character – down-to-earthness, independence and the rest of that lot: I re-submit here the old theory about the most important frontier in Great Britain being that which encloses London.

This is perhaps the context in which to recall the steadfast curiosity which I, for one, encountered on arriving in Swansea. Having got through my big interview down at the college I landed up against all manner of little, *ad hoc* interviews – in the paper shop, at the bank, on the bus. Feeling English for almost the first time in my life, I manfully ran off a series of capsule autobiographies, and it was more than worth the effort. Stand-offishness, I soon discovered, will get you less far in Wales than in most other places; any attempt at its opposite is likely to be answered with prolonged amiability.

There are no special grounds, as far as I know, for thinking this amiability calculated rather than genuine, as quite a few people evidently think it is, some of them Welsh themselves. (One of the things I like about the Welsh image is that it includes self-criticism – some of it fairly real, too, rather than being inexpertly camouflaged self-approval: that's English.) The myth of Welsh deceitfulness has come about because, while participating to the full in British indolence and incompetence, the Welsh omit to throw in that defensive surliness which the English like to use by way of apology for, or advance warning of, disinclination or inability to provide what is wanted.

Since service with a smile is out of the question, I would always go for a smile but no service, instead of no service and no smile either; and I quite sympathise with the local store manager who had an argument with the wife of a colleague of mine over the non-arrival of some groceries ordered four days earlier. 'Madam,' the manager pleaded, 'there has been no delivery service from this store since 1939.' Asked what, in that case, his assistant had meant by promising instant delivery, he said: 'Well, madam, the lad was just trying to be helpful, that's all.' This kind of thing is always lying in wait for the connoisseur of Welshness – and Englishness.

What distinguishes Welsh amiability, as I have perhaps implied, is its non-deferential quality. The history of the Principality – sorry, that reminds me of one of the things I don't like about the place. The history of Wales in the last couple of centuries, the narrowness of wage-differentiation as com-

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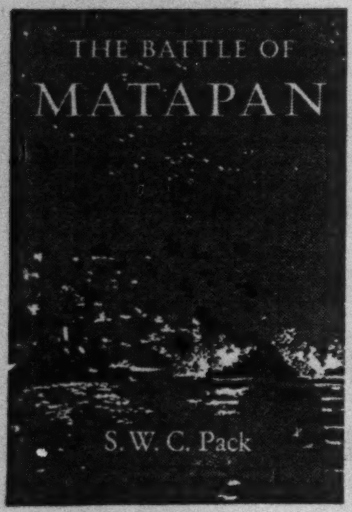

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pared with Great Britain at large, something, anyway, has seen to it that class feeling, class behaviour here are unlike the Eglish equivalent; to an English observer, they seem less intense. With that same qualification, Welsh social standpoints are, in important respects, more like those of the Americans than of the English. A New York taxi-driver (all right, I know he's on a life-imitating-art-imitating-life cycle too, and a tighter one than any Welshman's, but let it go) shares with his Swansea equivalent an attitude towards the passenger of 'My job happens to be driving a taxi. What's yours?' Or, on a bad day, 'Bugger yours.' There is a genuine distinction between 'guv', however ironically delivered, and 'mun' or 'mac'. And much else goes with this.

But it will not do to carry on too long with English-Welsh differences, for these are fading every day. Swansea has become much more like an English provincial town in the 11 years I have been watching it. Every form of culture characterisable as Welsh is either disintegrating or, worse, earning disrepute by artificial self-inflation. I don't know the figures for the speaking of the Welsh language, though I can visualise 1,000 pens, from Chepstow to Holyhead, twitching with impatience to inform me; but I do know that no figures can measure the degree of naturalness or unspontaneity with which any language is spoken and listened to.

I think I understand some of the reasons – one such would be the continuing series of individually trifling humiliations by the English – which lead a Welshman to decide that it's time he put in a stint at being Welsh for a change. He will bone up on his Welsh grammar, then, so as to be able to converse in the language of his grandfathers with some other minister or schoolteacher or university lecturer who is concurrently boning up on his, he will have another crack at that medieval Welsh verse anthology. He will insist on having the business of the council meeting transacted twice over, once in each language, although all present speak and understand English perfectly; he will attend 'an evening in praise of Wales', eat Welsh cakes, listen to Welsh songs sung in Welsh at the Welsh harp. Will nobody tell him that, once the moment has arrived when Welshness is donned like a Gorsedd robe at the Eisteddfod, when, however genuinely Wales deserves praise, people have to organise an evening to do it – will nobody plead with him that it is altogether too late in the day?

I will; and my status as an Englishman gives me a special qualification to do so. I don't just mean that I have learnt to recognise those far less self-conscious Welsh qualities – gentleness, good-humour, lack of pretension, irony, wit, sense of farce – that to me are worth more respect than any amount of Red-Dragon-wagging. I also mean that my embarrassment at the latter activity in nearly all its forms is given an extra edge whenever I note a fresh instance of Union-Jack-flapping, a new convulsion of encroached-upon insularity, a bit of creeping royalism or xenophobia, a travel-ad attraction taking root. How long will it be before, somewhere among the neon and the juke-boxes of the 51st State, we get down to an evening in praise of England, eating roast beef and bawling out *Here's a Health unto Her Majesty*, to presumably, *cor anglais* accompaniment? Let's hope we can persuade some of the Welsh to come along and sing for us.

A View of the Valley

GWYN THOMAS

The road rises on the northern end of Trehafod, as if emphasising its desire to leave Trehafod. In front you have Porth where the two great gulches swing up to Blaencwm on the left and Maerdy on the right. In between you have patches of housing and industrial enterprise that show man as builder in some of his most twisted and terrified moods. If I were to be told that some of those builders used whippets for spirit-levels I would not be surprised.

The streets dart away from each other at angles so crazy they seem to be genuinely looking for something. As a child I thought the architects must have taken a dram of delirium in some especially hot revival and tried to project it in stone, or maybe they were vocalists who kept their building programme aimed on principle in the direction of the nearest *gymanfa*.

I discovered the truth not long ago in a

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conversation conducted in a mood of muffled despair with an official in the Housing Department. The trouble is peat. Whenever those pioneers felt they were driving a street forward in a fine, firm Regency line they would start sinking in this peat and they would have to switch angles. When they were completely surrounded by their own creations they just climbed out and gave up. In all my staring at the valley and its social knots I had never figured on cutting peat in for a share of the blame. On the Marxist slant on which we tilted we hardly gave more than a glance at geology.

Porth is dominated by one of the valley's monstrous tips. It covers one half of the plateau of Cymmer mountain. It was once my playground. We found the ravaged part as fascinating as the acres that had been left untouched. We could leap from the world of hot ferns and lark-song into the black and hellish racket of the tippers adding their daily inch to the dunce's cap of refuse. The old engine house still stands after a fashion. The roof is off and every time the wind sharpens a point a part of the walls does a deal with it. From the valley-bed a gullible visitor might be persuaded to take it for a ruined temple, but we never gull visitors. We never knew in such a place where the joke really began or ended.

The tip's surface is infinitely dented, pockmarked by the patient excavations of the now dispersed regiment of the destitute in the days when a bag of free, filched coal might mean an extra loaf.

A meagre sort of grass is overspreading the old, gleaming blackness. It is the most dubious kind of vegetation you can imagine. It is as if nature has taken a long look at the clownish follies of industrial man and decided, this time, to go easy on the chlorophyl. It provides the dozens of disused tips with an infirm, greyish-green skin, which, seen under a strong sun, strikes a clear note of vast morbidity. Our survival is every bit as weird as the things we survived.

Often in the course of a fairly perceptive childhood spent in Porth I had the feeling of standing at the hub of some of the most potent and outrageous absurdities which, responding to some rational core within myself and time, would fall away. It has happened. The huge colliery in the town's centre closed in the middle Thirties. The event brought a quietness to the town which still has its own flavour of strangeness. The place subsists as an obstinate and untidy wound. Its outbuildings, midway in style between quarry face and gaol, flank the river, as charmless a stretch of fluid as ever refused a living to fish.

The colliery yard was to us a forbidden place, acutely sinister. It was the place where our neighbours were rattled out of the light through the 24 hours of the day. It was the place from which the endless 'journeys' of loaded trams were hauled up the hillside by wire ropes that would buck like mustangs. When they operated the washeries it kicked up more dust than a simoom. Students reading at open windows found the print vanishing beneath a film of dirt about half way down the page. It gave a staccato quality to my reading which it has never lost.

Near the colliery is the Library and Institute. Forty years ago it was a lighthouse of advanced literary and homespun entertainment. The lecture rooms were thronged by dedicated anarcho-syndicalists: those boys really made the dialectic jump. I can still feel the reverberations of hearing my father tell an opponent in the draughts-room: 'The trouble with you, Gomer, you've never faced up to the Categorical bloody Absolute.' In the main lecture room we sat through sessions of clean, wholesome lectures organised by the YMCA. Most of the lectures were about Everest. At one time we thought the YMCA owned it.

Today the place is a quiet cavern. The library has been dispersed. The thinkers have slipped into mental peace through death or a total bewilderment. The busts of Hardie, Tillett and Mabon have long gone to trick out the rockery of some Philistine. In the discussion rooms is a silence of such authority that even Welsh ghosts have to lie down flat still beneath it. And in the large hall, where we sat at the feet of every explorer who had travelled north of Brecon or south of Cardiff and kept in touch with the YMCA, wrestling bouts are held. In the library room where once we had a prairie of print that ranged from a monograph by Karl Liebnecht on the tactics of revolutionary street fighting to an early novel by Malcolm Muggeridge, the mice now ask each other whatever happened to Caxton.

In my part of Porth it was hard to get out of sight of the chapels without going seriously into hiding. All the way up the hill from Porth to Trebanog these square-faced redoubts of worship keep angry eyes on each other. The dinosaurs of the old, privately-owned coalfield were largely responsible for this eruption of temples. If they were out of temper with God or his local interpreter they would stalk out and take the entire diaconate, normally their lackeys, with them, and build a new conventicle. It was a frank exercise of power; dearer than a love-nest but more abiding and with better singing. Theology and the quarry-trade have never had such a flag-day.

For us the denominational differences between these places were blurred. We tended to follow the one that was currently staging the sprightliest operetta with the richest promise of a jelly-and-custard treat at the end of it. And there was a bit of rudimentary sex in it too. There is nothing like a lust for operetta for whipping the urges into a summer glow. We swam gaily behind a spindrift of soprano maidens down the half-lit vestry-gullies of half the town.

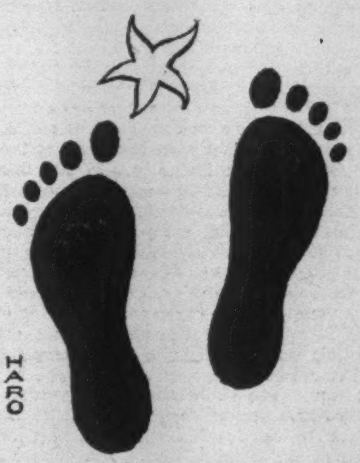
The chapel which had my formal allegiance was large in proportion with the pit that fed its massive membership. In a single decade of slump it dwindled to nothing and put paid to some of the most golden singing in the long annals of love and laryngitis. Poverty went through it like an old wolf. When the seat fell out of your trousers the bottom fell out of your faith, and you were seen no more among the elect. Its collapse had the speed and singleness of a shudder. It closed in the late Twenties. The back wall had been fissured by subsidence and an excessive charge of *hwyl* put into the hymn *Llanfair* in the late autumn of 1927; social pressures and the spreading arthritis of the Welsh tongue did the rest.

Not long ago, on a dull and masochistic Sunday I made one of a congregation in a chapel where often I had led my senses in delight on a velvet of super-normal sonority. Counting out the minister, the organist and the precentor, there were six of us. Our singing had a ragged fringe of irony all around the edge. In the gauntness of empty pews and plain, grey walls we were like the first meeting of a secret society. Had I ever been touched by a genuine piety, had I ever known a true kinship with the larger and gloomier phenomena of my first ten years, I could have wept.

A sort of peace-time Hiroshima. And now through the surviving framework a new life has grown with more time out for laughter and sustained gluttony and with no more than the usual crop of darkening mutations.

Travel: have we gone too far?

WHAT do *you* do when you find a pleasant, un-tripped-to beach, or a good, cheap, uncrowded restaurant? Delightedly tell your friends? Or cover your tracks and hope they never find it?



Pierre d'Harcourt, The Observer's Travel Correspondent, must have this problem on a massive scale. When he writes of some sheltered retreat in Corsica, he is talking to over two million readers. It is, I suppose, just possible that they might all decide to go there in the same week.

Should Pierre d'Harcourt be *allowed* to tell? Has he gone too far? He is on expert and friendly terms with leisurely by-ways all over Europe, and quite a bit farther afield. Sometimes he is bound to give away somebody's special lair. But at least the people he gives it away to are other Observer readers, rather a nice lot by and large.

Besides, if you look on him just as a sort of super-tipster, you're missing more than half of it. He has an affectionate and perceptive way of writing about a place, and even if it happens to be *your* village, he will entertain you . . . and perhaps help you to see it more clearly.

Das Baden in Baden-Baden

Anyway, as a tipster, his work is very widely spread. He writes about a different place nearly every week in The Observer. And he answers more than 17,000 questions in readers' letters every year. He can tell you what's good about das Bad in Baden. Or how to find a Good Pullup for Carmen in Seville.

The clue to his column is in its title—"Time Off", for he has a fund of ideas about filling off-duty time, and this is a very important service, as more and more people are getting more and more time to fill.

Don't let anyone tell you that he has gone too far. He is still travelling, still looking avidly for places where the people are happy to see you, and the sun shines. You'll enjoy travelling hopefully with him, week by week, in The Observer. J.B.L.

Correspondence

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Sir, – Lord Russell's article on civil disobedience clarifies some points but leaves others obscure. His campaign is designed, he says, as a means of propaganda. This distinguishes it from civil disobedience as practised by the suffragettes and by Gandhi (the precedents usually cited); for them, it was designed of itself to gain the political end in question. Not all supporters of the Committee of 100 have made this distinction.

But the only thing for which civil disobedience gains publicity is civil disobedience. It does not persuade the newspapers and the television channels to publicise the arguments for nuclear disarmament, or such matters as the truth about Claude Eatherley. In 1958, the public did not know that there was a movement against nuclear weapons. I for one welcomed the Direct Action protests at the rocket bases because they brought this fact dramatically to public attention. In 1961, this movement having won a majority in the Labour Party and brought the issue into the forefront of politics, everyone knows about it except those who only read the sports pages. What people don't know is something different – the reasoning and the evidence that could convince them that the nuclear disarmament movement is right. Lord Russell does not explain how this state of affairs is to be remedied by civil disobedience.

It would also be helpful to know what civil disobedience means in practice. It is not an offence to sit down in the forecourt of the Ministry of Defence, unless the police have decided that the forecourt is to be kept clear. The Committee of 100 communicated its plans to the police; the police told the demonstrators that they might sit on the pavements but not the roadway; and the demonstrators complied. Similarly, the Aldermaston march could be construed as illegal obstruction, in that the roadways are normally reserved for motor traffic; but the police, having been informed of the plans, agree to the march taking place if it uses certain broad streets and keeps to the left, and the marchers comply. I cannot see, in either case, what or whom has been disobeyed. To my knowledge, the only civil disobedience action in the cause of nuclear disarmament took place in New York, when all citizens were ordered to take shelter during a mock alert and a number of pacifists refused. Civil disobedience only becomes real when the Committee of 100 can think of a similar form of action.

Mervyn Jones

9 Hardy Road, SE3

ENCOUNTER

The March issue, just out, includes

THEODORE DRAPER

CASTRO'S CUBA

The well-known American journalist and historian has written a long special article, mixing polemics and analysis, on the Cuban situation. He distinguishes the myths (among the mythmakers: Jean-Paul Sartre, C. Wright Mills, Paul Johnson) from the realities.

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

Sir, – I don't mind the *Daily Telegraph*, or even the *Guardian*, helping to perpetuate the myth that the pilot of the bomber which attacked Hiroshima was Claude Eatherly, which they did in their reports of his recent court case. But please, not Lord Russell!

Claude Eatherly was the pilot of the weather reconnaissance aircraft which reported conditions over Hiroshima suitable for the attack. The actual bomb was dropped by another B.29, piloted by Colonel Paul Tibbets, who when last heard of, was commanding a SAC base in Florida.

G. Soar

51 Benhurst Court
London, SW16

Sir, – You did a service in publishing Bertrand Russell's defence of his civil disobedience programme. How sad it is to see one of our erstwhile great thinkers descend to such arrogant advocacies of the Rule of the Street as that contained in his key passage: 'If all those who disapprove of government policy were to join in massive demonstrations of civil disobedience, they could render governmental folly impossible.' Lord Russell – who is apparently never very anxious to make use of his seat in the Upper House of Parliament to put over his views – only makes one error in those last few words, which should read: 'they would render government impossible'.

John C. Clews

53 Lansdowne Crescent
Leamington Spa

THE CHOICE IN AFRICA

Sir, – The problems of the Congo are closely linked with those facing the whole of southern Africa, from Stanleyville to Cape Town. Cold war propaganda may confuse the people of Britain and the West generally; it will not provide the answer to the mounting tensions in the southern part of the African continent.

The national revolution, which in recent years has swept across Asia, the Middle East and the north and north-west of Africa, has now reached the southern portion of that continent, one of the wealthiest areas in the world, inhabited by some 40 million Africans and 3½ million Europeans. The history of southern Africa is a record of conquest, subjugation and dispossession of entire African communities. Foreign investors, British, Belgian, American and others, have made fabulous fortunes from the gold, copper, diamonds and other minerals of that sub-continent, while the African population has been reduced to a state of penury and helotry. The methods of the white rulers have varied from time to time and place to place; but their aim has remained identical – to create and maintain a vast reservoir of cheap African labour.

The African people have had enough of white Christian civilisation and are now determined to secure freedom and national independence, and in this struggle Britain is vitally involved. Where there are no white settlers and no substantial mineral wealth, solutions have been found. But in the south, where there is an abundance of mineral wealth, owned and exploited by international financiers, and permanent European communities, a violent explosion seems imminent.

For Britain, there is one of two choices. Either to continue with the present policy of white domination and colonialist exploitation, which will mean more massacres, more prisons, larger concentration camps; or come to terms with history and with Africa whilst there is still time. The first choice can at most provide temporary success of a doubtful nature. Tension will rise, and fear will become more widespread. In due course, the whole of southern Africa will rise in revolt and will take by force what rightly belongs to them. In this conflict, which seems inevitable if the present policy is pursued, the Africans will suffer, but they have a knack of surviving. The whites, on the other hand, will be overwhelmed.

The alternative will mean that the white mine-owners and farmers will have to employ free labour at a living wage, instead of semi-slave labour at a few shillings a day; also they may have to face a drop in dividends from 200 or 300 per cent to more reasonable levels. It will mean an end to federation, which is really Baaskap (white domination) in disguise, to a master-and-servant social structure, to *Apartheid*, to partnership, Bantustan and to all other chicanery. But it will bring lasting peace and prosperity to black and white. Whatever the Tories and the white supremacists in southern Africa may want to do, the British Labour movement and the British people must place themselves four-square on the side of African freedom.

E. S. Sachs

15 Belsize Park Gardens, NW3

Sir, – It is not surprising that every individual feels outraged at Lumumba's death. Not only that we have witnessed in our time Hitler's Reichstag fire; not only that Hitler announced that six political assassinations would win him what he sought in pre-World War II Europe and that he then proceeded to instigate those assassinations. Surely the most horrifying aspect is that the world *knew*; when Lumumba was taken from his first jail, mistreated, beaten and manhandled – the whole world saw the photographs; saw his tortured face, his hands tied with rope, a soldier holding the rope as if he were driving an ox to slaughter. So it was to be expected and that was the moment for 'intervention' – in the name of humanity. One had the excuse with the Nazi concentration camps, either that one did not know or that it was impossible to get inside them. Was it really impossible for any power in the world – UN, Belgium, the US, Great Britain or all of them together – to use some telling threat to Mr Tshombe? Would that gentleman have defied every political and economic power? Lumumba must have said to himself: '*Someone* will rescue me'.

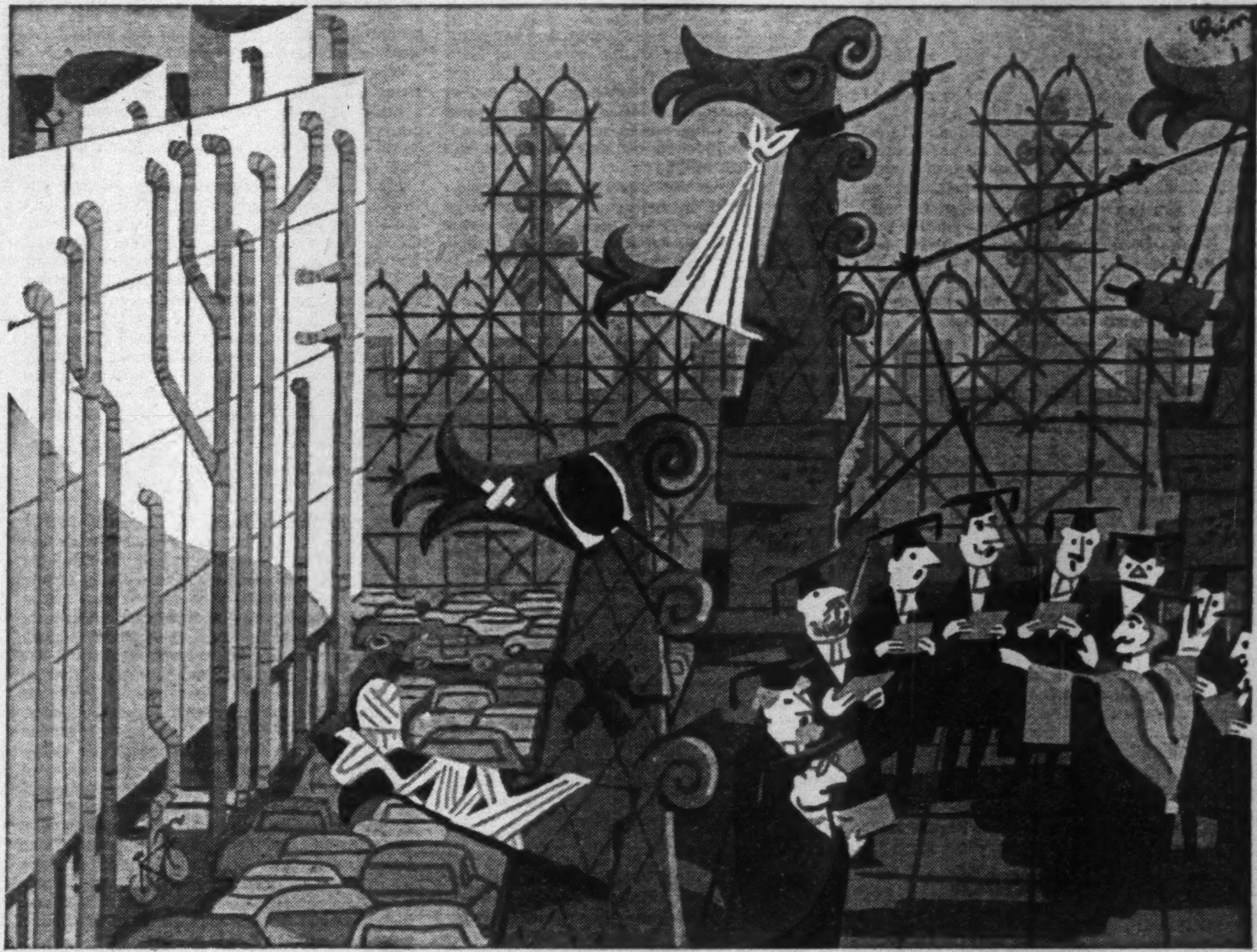
The ghastly picture is that the whole world sits by – not powerless, but unwilling to save one drowning man.

Ella Winter

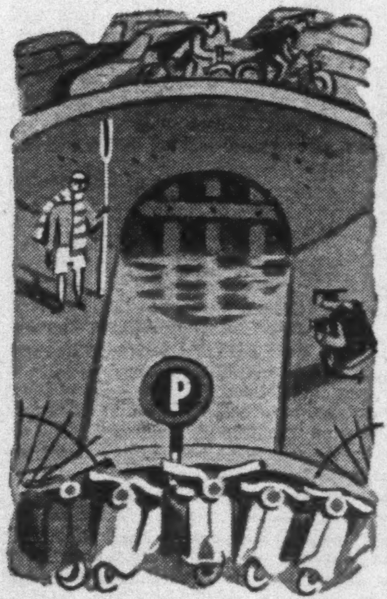
Hampstead

POLICE AND DEMONSTRATORS

Sir, – Our observers were present at the two demonstrations on Saturday 18 and Sunday 19 February. On 18 February the police assisted demonstrators wishing to sit on the pavement outside the Ministry of Defence, kept the roadway clear, and in general treated Earl Russell's followers as they would a crowd obstructing the pavement before the world premiere of a Metro Goldwyn Mayer film. There was only one, mildly humorous, incident. On Sunday, however, the police cordoned off the Belgian Embassy, gave no warning to the organisers that they were doing so despite preliminary discussions, and provided no suggested alternative route or site for dispersal. There were 26 arrests and a backwash of illwill towards the police. The use of horses again served to provoke further a crowd, which, up to the confusion created by a police cordon, had been good humoured.



The University of Schweppshire



"OLDBRICK, fair Suckler of my Youth..." Who said this, of Schweppshire's University town? Oldbrick lies at the heart of what is now a thriving industrial centre, and if there are few angles from which a general impression can be gained, a good telescopic photograph such as this is perfectly possible from the radar station on Bore's Hill. Notice that Oldbrick has its traffic problem, especially where Corny and Squeeze debouch onto the High (sometimes affectionately known as the Positively Stinking). But above the old colleges display the charm of the local stone, which weathers so effectively that it does not always actually stand up—the famous façades of 'The Sides' are now permanently supported by scaffolding, though this is of a Gothic type. The problem of the new science block of All Keys (pronounced Caius) College of Explanation (an I.C.Y. Group foundation) has been solved by a building in Extravert Waterpipe, beautifully re-interpreting, in contemporary terms, the gargoyle theme of the deflection of running water.

The camera caught the tower of Old Cyril on a morning in May Week (really June) when, pleasing link, the carols are sung by the last living choristers of an ancestral University, not, now, at dawn, but after elevenses. Famous in Oldbrick literature is its river, never quite wide enough for rowing, but always preserving its bank, traditionally set aside for those who, by a system of tests, are allowed to walk about in rowing clothes.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

I personally believe that the best way for the police to have acted would have been for them to allow the march to go past the Embassy and wait at a suitable distance while the leaders delivered their statement. If this was considered too risky, a route could have been marshalled around Eaton Square to a suitable place of dispersal after the return of the deputation.

Once again the police used no public address system and gave no notification of their intentions. The leaders of the demonstration were experienced, responsible people, including an MP, but the police made no attempt to enlist their co-operation in preventing a peaceful protest from becoming an unmannerly and frightening brawl.

Martin Ennals
General Secretary

National Council For Civil Liberties
293 New King's Road, SW6

THE END OF LABOUR'S NIGHTMARE?

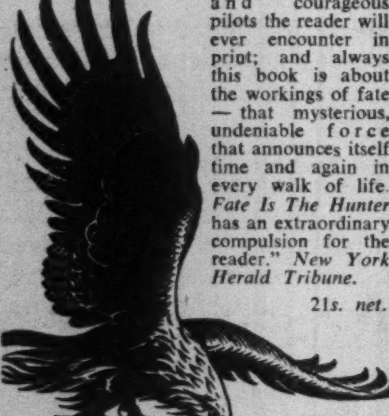
Sir, – I am afraid Kingsley Martin, Ritchie Calder and Benn Levy are optimistic when they say Mr Wilson's proposals 'could form a solid basis not only for progress towards a non-nuclear defence policy but also for a radical reformation of foreign policy'. For these proposals tacitly accept the assumption that we are in danger from Soviet aggression and therefore must have American protection. So long as we make that assumption, the preservation of Nato comes before everything else, including Labour's own policies for winding up the arms race and negotiating political settlements – and the US decides the terms on which Nato is to be preserved.

Mr Gaitskell faced this issue squarely in the House on 19 February 1959: when the Tories pointed out that Labour's disengagement proposal would destroy Nato, for the Americans would withdraw their forces from Europe rather than accept it, Mr Gaitskell replied that this was not true, for if the US government made it clear that it would react in this way, the proposal would never be put forward. That argument of course applies to the 'reforms' of Nato we would 'press' – apart from the fact that Labour's nostrum of relying less on nuclear weapons and more on bigger and better armed conventional forces would involve putting another £200 million on the defence budget and restoring conscription.

Book-of-the-Month Club's Choice

Fate Is The Hunter

ERNEST K. GANN



"Partly autobiographical, partly a chronicle of some of the most memorable and courageous pilots the reader will ever encounter in print; and always this book is about the workings of fate — that mysterious, undeniable force that announces itself time and again in every walk of life. *Fate Is The Hunter* has an extraordinary compulsion for the reader." *New York Herald Tribune.*

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So long as we remain an American protectorate through unconditional membership of Nato, where the US has more military power and wealth than all her allies combined, Britain will have to do what she is told by her protector, up to and including the abandonment of Labour's own foreign policy. Nor will it do to suggest, as your leading article does, that we should forget about our defence differences and concentrate on economic policy and the welfare state. We did badly in the two-day economic debate and not well enough in the Health Service debate, because our leaders are not prepared to demand lopping £500-£700 millions off the defence budget to supply the resources necessary for expanding production, building more houses, schools and hospitals, and modernising and abolishing all charges in the health service. Our leaders will have no answer – except the old 'value for money' nonsense – when the government proposes to raise defence expenditure by another £60 million or so – or even when they bring in 'selective service'.

A new defence and foreign policy must start by rejecting the false assumption that we need to fear Soviet aggression, and recognise at long last that the arms race is kept going by mutual fear and suspicion, that neither side wants to attack the other, and that the more we get ready for instant nuclear war against the imaginary danger of aggression, the greater becomes the danger of annihilation by accident.

K. Zilliacus

House of Commons

Sir, – Having been a public unilateralist since 1955, I have little diffidence about challenging the 'image' of unilateralism which Kingsley Martin and other correspondents have been building in response to Mayhew's persistent challenge.

They have turned Britain's nuclear disarmament into a *faute de mieux* to be adopted after the failure of a few more years (How many? Five? Ten?) spent in trying for a total nuclear disarmament treaty on conventional lines. Whatever support anyone can find for this view in a careful exegesis either from campaign leaflets or from admirable articles by J. B. Priestley, I am sure that this is not what Aldermaston marchers march for.

As they see it, unilateral nuclear disarmament is something to be undertaken by Britain, positively and at the earliest possible moment, for the sake of putting ourselves in a position from which we could best promote a change in the 'mood' of the whole world which, while it persists, makes any fundamental disarmament agreement impossible.

Richard Acland

St Luke's College, Exeter

UNFAIR TO WOMEN?

Sir, – One is glad to see a letter from a male reader castigating Charon for his rollicking prurience. What amazes many women is that, although men do not often indulge in Charon's side-splitting humour, they do not seem to show much sympathy with women in the restriction of their daily lives.

Does it occur to men that the 'flogging ladies' (Tory and otherwise) are, like all women, concerned with their own irritation in having to 'arrange' many of their simple comings and goings, and of course their children's; whether it is safe to walk home this way or that, whether they had better take a cab (if they can afford it) or two buses, when a short cut across a park is available, and in the case of some women, living in lonely surroundings, whether in fact they will go out at night at all. Do men not understand these infuriating circumstances?

What a fuss men would make if particular areas held any threat for them. Additional lighting would be installed, coppers would be on the beat, and possibly wardens appointed. As it is, men say to their womenfolk, 'don't go that way, dear'.

Men are the physical factor women, on frequent occasion, must fear, and it is a poor show when men translate that fear into a fancy theory that flatters their own sexual prowess. Not only is it so, but men have not even found a way in law to protect women against having their names and addresses printed in the local press when they are victims of rape. Mr X, who is usually a sinner, can be protected from publicity, but not Mrs A who, on a quiet afternoon or perhaps at night, has been so bold as to take her dog for an airing in the park and has been criminally assaulted. This happens – see local newspapers throughout the country.

E. M. Glidewell

Bebington, Wirral

Sir, – Summer holidays are the usual time of the year for analysing the Frenchwoman, but Françoise Giroud's article has implications for the English which are worth considering at any season. She suggests that male clubs are a defensive response to the threatened superiority of the other sex. But English experience surely shows that women's desire for emancipation has followed, and not preceded, the segregation of the sexes. On the other hand, Françoise Giroud makes the point that the exclusiveness of the archetypal Frenchwoman is dependent in large degree upon the admiration of her fellow countrymen. In short there are two ways of setting your woman apart – either to be admired, or to be ignored. The emancipation of the Englishwoman is a protest against indifference; emancipation for the Frenchwoman is a step away from a most desirable situation – a step which the youngest generation of Frenchwomen is anxious to retrace: 'They prefer to devote their energies to the old struggle, to find a husband and keep him.'

To take the matter further, along topical lines, I suppose D. H. Lawrence was appealing for the French *apartheid*-with-admiration against the English *apartheid*-plus-indifference. There is more hero worship than equality in *The Plumed Serpent* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Now while Tory women are ignored by their husbands, and enjoy only the public equality of the flogging associations, all 'New Stateswomen' surely enjoy not only the admiration (including its much emphasized aspects) of their husbands, but also equality with them. Charon ought to get his Lawrence straight before making him a top NS hero.

Roger Kershaw

Oxford

ZION IN EUROPE

Sir, – Mr Crossman's review of Leonard Stein's book makes fascinating reading. But his statement that if the Balfour Declaration had not been published 'the Arab renaissance would not have been transformed into an anti-western movement' cannot be accepted without challenge. There was no Zionism in South-east Asia or Africa, but practically all nationalist movements in these areas have taken an anti-western character; the same happened in the Middle East. The emergence of nationalist forces and the decline of Britain's Middle East Empire has been part of a historic process which we have witnessed in various parts of the world. The solemn pledge which this country made to world Jewry in 1917 was, no doubt, exploited by the Arab leaders, but it was a factor of secondary importance in their struggle against western influence.

S. Levenberg

77 Great Russell St, WC1

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Evening and Morning Knowledge

PHILIP HENGIST

The mid-Victorians – those born into the high noon of the 19th century – continue to astonish. What prodigies of patience and application their biographies display, how strenuously fecund their rifts and indignant angers! Their lives, public and private, were lived out in a blaze of nervous energy, shot through with dangerous relapses. Florence Nightingale toiling at Scutari, T. H. Huxley grimly enduring his years of separation from Miss Heathorn, Newman hand-balled across the bogs between the Irish bishops – such heavily attested devotion makes our puny generation's flesh creep as we turn the pages. No set of lives has ever been so witnessed and docketed – yet the subject is seemingly inexhaustible. Only the other day an American professor unearthed and analysed 30 deed boxes of Disraelian dynamite at Hughenden. And now we have Mr Ronald Chapman exploring – for it is the first time the subject has been properly handled – the life and character of Frederick William Faber, hymn writer and ascetic, the founder of the London Oratory.*

His book is more than a scholarly and arrestingly written biography of an interesting but minor mid-Victorian. It does more than relate an important chapter in the history of the Oxford Movement and the Catholic 'Second Spring' that followed it. Faber's co-religionists will, of course, have a special interest in him but in fact this portrait deserves a wider audience. For although Mr Chapman appears to be writing primarily for his fellow-Catholics, his book is a first-class close-up study in the psychology of the religious life. It deserves to stand on the same shelf as Sainte-Beuve's *Port-Royal* and James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

Born in 1814, in the heart of the Anglican clerisy – his grandfather was a parson, his father secretary to the Bishop of Durham – Faber had his schooling at Harrow, where Trollope, Manning and Sidney Herbert were his contemporaries. At Oxford he wrote bad verse and formed romantic attachments to Disraeli's two 'Young England' friends, George Smythe and Lord John Manners. This kind of 'crush' was typical of the period; Mr James Pope-Hennessy has given the best account of such friendships in the first volume of his life of Monckton Milnes, but Faber's passionate feelings were more lushly expressed than was usual even in the high-strung Thirties and Forties. They are symptomatic of much of his later and more distasteful religious outpourings.

In due course he was elected a Fellow of University College. As a don, he was not a success. Meanwhile the Oxford Movement, triggered off by John Keble's Assize Sermon in 1833, was in full swing. Throughout Oxford young dons and undergraduates were letting their studies hang fire in favour of making 'aggressive efforts in favour of religion'. It was the age of Hurrell Froude extravaganza, of fastings and blue pills, girdles of celibacy and lamps of watching. Like Newman, his eventual model, Faber began his religious life as an unbending Evangelical, a Calvinist even, finding Bishop Butler's *Analogy* 'the greatest work of *Pagan* Wisdom'. The slope towards 'perversion', mild at first, grew steeper with the years. 'The quiet influences of George Herbert', his 'dutiful-Church-of-England-religious-quiet-thinking-mind' yielded to Dr Pusey's sermons ('I see that the Evangelical system feeds the heart at the expense of the head'), the reading of *Tracts for the Times* and the purchase and use of a Mechlin Breviary. A tutorship in the Lake District made Faber acquainted with Wordsworth, to whom he dedicated a book of religious travels and whose prestige, in common with many of the Tractarians, he tendentiously sought to appropriate in the interests of the Movement. (The old man's final verdict on Faber the poet was mild but crushing. 'A man like him', he wrote, 'cannot serve two Masters . . . No man can write verses that will live in the hearts of his fellow-creatures, but through an overpowering impulse in his own mind, involving him often times in labour that he cannot dismiss or escape from, though his duty to others may require it.')

Ordained at 25, Faber accepted a college living in Northamptonshire four years later and, having read himself into his parish, 'with that strange inconsequence which was part of his charm, he set off the very next day for the Continent'. By now he was moving unsuspectingly but ineluctably to the brink. In Rome, at a private audience arranged by Cardinal Acton, where his kissed the Pope's foot ('there seemed to be a mean puerility in refusing the customary homage'), Gregory XVI told him briskly: '"You must not mislead yourself in wishing for unity, yet waiting for your *Church* to move. Think of the salvation of your own soul." I said I feared self-will and individual judging. He said "You are all individuals in the English Church, you have only external communion, and the accident of all being under the Queen. You know this. You know all doctrines are taught among you anyhow".'

Back at Elton – an Elizabethan rectory with extensive grounds, staffed by seven servants – the young clergyman pondered and hovered for two years, planting and hedging, fitting up an oratory, replacing the church's Lion and Unicorn with a crucifix, un-blocking its west-end arches, and filling the rectory with the smell of cinnamon ('perhaps as a substitute for incense').

> . . . Little by little the men servants became a sort of Brotherhood, as Faber put into practice what he had learnt in Rome. There were spiritual exercises and readings from the lives of the saints. There was meditation, reading, visiting the sick . . . On the eves of feasts the devotions were prolonged to three hours . . . Other young men joined the exercises. They began to think of the Rectory as their 'monastery' and themselves as monks.

In October, 1845, Newman was received into the Roman communion. Faber followed, taking most of the young men with him, six weeks later. Small wonder that his Anglican friends and enemies accused him of treachery in staying so long in the Church of England.

'New converts', as Mr Chapman rightly remarks, 'are seldom attractive'. Certainly, Faber was no exception, being 'particularly disagreeable for many years after his conversion.' He settled in Birmingham, where he founded the community of St Wilfrid, later removing it to a country house in Hampshire. Here his worst qualities emerged, his best remaining for the time being in embryo. The streak of cruelty in his nature asserted itself, precipitating individual revolts and open mutinies among the lay brothers, all quelled or settled by Brother Wilfrid's bouncing and masterful temperament (to the end of his life Faber was an adept striker of attitudes). His printed railings against his former Church earned him oblique reproaches from Newman; his Italianate devotions (the invocation of Our Lady as 'Mamma' was understandably obnoxious), his deplorable and absurd life of St Rose of Lima and his general spiritual vapours were an offence and undoubtedly a cause of scandal to many. His talents as an invigilator, denouncer and general mischief-maker received abundant employment.

In 1847 Newman became an Oratorian and later that year Faber – once more following in Newman's footsteps – 'all of a sudden . . . felt an interior call to join the Oratory of St Philip'. The workings of the religious mind are humanly unsearchable yet, since this was the second turning-point in Newman's life, it is surprising that Mr Chapman has not speculated more about it. (In such an exhaustive study he might legitimately have done so.) In 1849 the London Oratory was founded in a house off the Strand. Dogged by no-popery mobsters, cut by the secular clergy, endangered by cholera, taken up and abandoned by Miss Gladstone and the 'nobs', mocked by Thackeray, deluged by the labouring Irish (the latter bringing bugs and fleas 'so plentiful that they walk about our surplices and take possession of gentlemen's hats'), the sons of St Philip, led by a transformed and transforming Faber, battled on, removing to their present Kensington site in 1852.

Mr Chapman tells in saddening but fascinating detail the whole story (far too long to be even summarised here) of the breach between the London and Birmingham Oratories – a breach symbolised by the clash of temperaments between Newman and Faber themselves. By nature Newman, Faber's senior by 13 years, was an intellectual, and the temper of the Birmingham Oratory was French. The serenity of a St François de Sales, the calm fervency of a Bérulle or a Fénélon – this was the prevailing note. Faber was a great spiritual director, influencing and working upon the souls whom Newman's writings had charmed and affected. All his life Faber protested his devotion and loyalty to Newman but there seems little doubt that the future Cardinal disliked and distrusted him. In a sense both men were spiritual egoists, though Newman's egoism was of a higher and altogether different order. It is their superiors – the gentle and understanding Wiseman, the scrupulous Ullathorne – who come best out of their exchanges.

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* *Father Faber*. By RONALD CHAPMAN. *Burns & Oates. 35s.*

Faber certainly had no illusions about his own role in the work of re-converting England. He addressed himself to the middle classes of the spiritual world, his 'poor Belgravians', believing that 'it was this sort of person that St Philip Neri set himself to sanctify in Rome.' Beneath his gush and emotionalism, he had a hard Yorkshire sense of mid-Victorian realities, knowing quite well what the world of the Veneerings was about. 'Souls are gravely warned', he wrote,

> without regard to time and place and person and condition, to be detached from the gifts of God and to eschew sweet feelings and gushing fervours, when the danger is rather in their attachment to their carriages and horses, their carpets and their old china, the parks and the opera and the dear bright world . . . Better far to flutter like a moth round the candles of a gay Benediction, than to live without love in the proprieties of sensual ease and worldly comfort . . .

Mr Chapman sees him as 'most nearly akin to Dickens', equating Faber's optimism, sentimentality and saccharine taste with the raptures of Pickwick and the death of Little Nell. 'The reaction of Dickens', he tells us, 'was the emotional reaction of the natural man, Faber's was the emotional reaction of the spiritual man. Is it fantastic to say that what Christmas was to Dickens, Marian devotions were to Faber?'

I have dwelt uncharitably on the worst side of Faber's character since it is in the context of his many failings as a man that the measure of his spiritual achievement can best be understood. Florid, restless, self-willed, sensuous, vindictive, interfering, the outward man is singularly unattractive. (In middle age, as his portrait shows, he became unedifyingly obese.) Yet in his own way he was a hero. With more temptations than beset most priests (far more, for instance, than troubled Newman), he fought a long and nervous struggle with his own nature, winning and forming many souls, including his own. The Oratory is his best memorial.

'Doctors declare', wrote Meister Eckhart, 'that when we know creatures in themselves that is evening knowledge, and then creatures are seen in all sorts of different forms. But when we know creatures in God that is called morning knowledge . . .' In Mr Chapman's book morning and evening knowledge of Father Faber's life are startlingly blended.

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Insight into Analysis

Narrative of a Child Analysis. By MELANIE KLEIN. *Hogarth. 75s.*

This demonstration to child-analysts, the 55th volume in the International Psychoanalytical Library series, is also to be recommended to the layman: the dual appeal will not have been more marked even in the case of books by Freud. Melanie Klein is the prime authority on child-analysis: by means of this narrative we are present at the short treatment of a boy of ten, able to understand, and in part to feel, the anxiety, the defence against it, the interpretations, the linking with other matters whereon the complicated structure of the inner life rests, in just the way he did, namely, in the terms of his own associations and language, of his play and his drawings. And so, whereas the material is rich with a vast interdependence of connections, the narrative remains simple, broken into episodes by the fact that each session has been treated as a short chapter. To many of the sessions the author has added comments on the process at work and on her technique: she has thereby placed much detail in a wider perspective.

The *mise-en-scène* makes an impact. The analysis took place during the war in a village, in a rented play-room (used also by the girl guides), 'a large place with two doors and an adjoining kitchen'. Sometimes the boy, Richard, would open the door from which he could step into a garden commanding the countryside; he would point out to Mrs Klein the beauty of the hills: among the crowded furniture of the inner life revealed by the play-room's appurtenances, this is one of the many scenes that remain in the reader's mind. The war's horizon, and inroads, interplay perpetually with the history of Richard's acute anxieties: he had listened to the news and read newspapers; a large map of Europe on the wall of the village room – Richard would sometimes put his head down to look at it upside down – often figured in the analysis; Hitler or the battleship Rodney obtruded from within the psyche. Reproductions of Richard's drawings, interpreted in the narrative, figure on 74 plates, drawings mostly of airplanes and naval craft.

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PETER DAVIES

It is plain, however, that none of this would be of first interest and importance, however skilfully presented, were Richard's analysis not conducted by Melanie Klein, inventor of the play technique for analysing children. As the result of her findings with children which have been confirmed in her analysis of adults, she has made a contribution, second only to Freud's, to clinical practice and to psychoanalytic theory. We may easily follow in this book the material and then, in brackets as it were, the concepts that have been derived from her analytic experience: a subtle aspect belongs to the interrelations of the material; this is true as well apropos the happenings of a session; Mrs Klein pays much attention to the order in which material, however kindred, appears. Her account is founded upon notes she made soon after the sessions: they were not always as full as she would have liked. But I do not think any reader is likely to complain of a lack of circumstantial detail. So extensive an account is feasible because the analysis was brief, 93 sessions in all, about four months.

The author has pointed out that for this and other reasons Richard's treatment was not typical of a child's analysis. And yet even in this short and brilliant piece of evolution, a fair proportion takes the form of repetition of the kind that is called 'working through'. 'Working through', we are told in the Preface, 'was one of the essential demands that Freud made on analysis . .' It is only by drawing our conclusions from the material as it reappears in different contexts, and is interpreted accordingly, that we gradually help the patient to acquire insight in a more lasting way...

> The analysis I am presenting, though it remained unfinished, was illuminating in various ways. As my account shows, I could penetrate into very deep layers of the mind, thus enabling the patient to free much of his phantasy life and to become conscious of some of his anxieties and defences: but adequate working through was not possible . . . I remain fully convinced that however much we improve our technique in the future, this progress will not lead to shorter analyses. On the contrary, my experience points to the conclusion that the more time we have at our disposal for carrying out our treatment, the better we can diminish persecutory and depressive anxiety, and help the patient to achieve integration.

On the other hand, I think the book is likely to confirm an impression that the analysis of children, not only because of intervening adult years of anxiety and of opportunity wasted, offers the brighter prospect.

One of the fascinations of the narrative, and among the most important lessons, is the unencumbered perceptiveness that allows Mrs Klein to point to Richard's underlying negative feelings, especially to those directed against herself in the transference situation, while she remains, overall, a helping figure, more than anything else in virtue of the fact that in almost every session she succeeded thereby in reducing some anxiety. 'Attempts to bring about a positive transference by neglecting the analysis of the negative cannot, I believe, achieve lasting results.' And again: 'As a matter of principle I wish to repeat that even in this case it would have been more useful to have avoided this occasional reassuring attitude.'

It was known from the start of the treatment that Mrs Klein would soon have to return to London. We leave Richard with the conviction that he was most fortunate in finding a rock-firm analyst of endless understanding, and that he himself was an appealing as well as a gifted child.

Melanie Klein died at the age of 78 while the book was with the press, an event that presages at last, in the usual bitter way, the full realisation of her immense stature. This well-contrived *Narrative* offers the best viewpoint.

ADRIAN STOKES

A Calvinist Poet

The Map of Clay. By JACK CLEMO. *Methuen. 12s. 6d.*

Jack Clemo's work poses an immediate critical difficulty. As he wrote 12 years ago in the preface to his autobiography *Confession of a Rebel*, 'I am one of those writers whose creative work cannot be fully understood without reference to certain broken boundaries in their private lives.' The son of an illiterate Cornish clay-worker killed in the first world war, Jack Clemo was first struck with blindness at the age of five; he recovered, but blindness struck him again at 13. Though he regained his sight, it was the end of his formal education. At 18, his hearing began to fail, and for years he was stone-deaf. Six years ago, blindness again overcome him. A year or so later his hearing returned to the extent that he can now listen to music on radio and records, though speech remains unintelligible.

Such are the boundaries within which he has worked. He has been writing since boyhood and has published a novel, *Wilding Graft*, the autobiography, *The Invading Gospel*, which might be called an exercise in theological polemics, and the two volumes of verse which, with a more recent sequence, are now collected in *The Map of Clay*. All are the expression of a single developing point of view. The novel, I think, fails; but *Confession of a Rebel* is one of the most remarkable personal documents of our time. *The Invading Gospel*, in some ways a pendant to it, is a vigorous restatement of the case for Calvinism, compounded largely of Browning, Barth and C. H. Spurgeon, which is not to deny its affinity with Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*.

Jack Clemo's is the latest voice in the long tradition of English working-class religious dissent, and one as purely personal and individual as there has ever been. The voice is at its most idiosyncratic and least conventional in his poems:

Keep far from me all loveliness, O God,
And let me laud
Thy meaner moods, so long unprized;
The motions of that twisted, dark
Deliberate crucial Will
I feel deep-grinding still
Under the dripping clay with which I am baptized.

He sees the disabilities he suffers from as the mark of God's Election (Charles Causley, in his introduction to *The Map of Clay*, tells us that Clemo, having more than once regained his faculties by what he regards as

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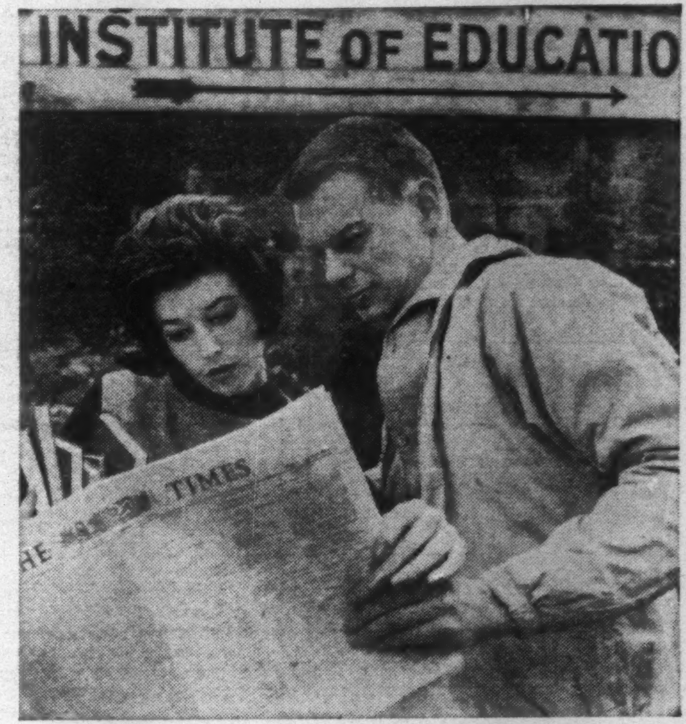

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miracles, refuses resolutely to learn Braille). 'Keep far from me all loveliness, O God' – the cry resounds throughout Clemo's verse and is expressed time and again in the imagery of the countryside in which he has lived all his life, the white-scarred clay-pits and mine-workings of mid-Cornwall, that unique landscape to which 'lunar' seems the only adjective one can apply. He rejoices and exults in this countryside of dereliction, rejoices and exults because it is so unnatural, so much opposed to nature, for the natural is the fallen state of man. Flowers and trees he sees, one might almost say, as his personal enemies; a characteristic poem, 'The Irony of Election', begins:

> In that Garden we so sadly name
> The trees betrayed him before Judas came,

and ends:

> The stones cry out, but the flowers die dumb.

By a paradox, the clay-workings and the debris they throw up are for Clemo symbols not of death but of conviction, conversion, the advance of the Kingdom, of eternal life:

> This sand-dump's base now licks a hedge
> Whose snaky bramble-growths will bear
> No flowers or fruit again; a few more days
> And they'll be buried 'neath the wedge
> Of settling gravel, rotting where
> No naturalist may pry to mark their sleep.
> The vomit then will creep
> Up the sleek boughs of thorn trees that enwrap
> The hedge-top, wound and smother them
> Till splintered, jammed, they disappear, their sap
> Bleeding and drying in the tomb I raise
> High over root and soil and mouldering stem.

At his best – and he is at his best, I think, in his early poems – the poems of *The Clay Verge* – he has rendered an industrial landscape more completely and more successfully than any English poet except possibly Auden, and rendered it as the compelling image of his own bleak creed. In these early poems, where the quarrel is still with himself, the language is taut, strong and naked. His recent verse, written as it were from settled conviction, is disappointing. The quarrel is now with others and the verse has become rhetoric.

WALTER ALLEN

Richard Pares

The Historian's Business. By RICHARD PARES. Edited by R. A. and ELISABETH HUMPHREYS. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Writing history is an old man's trade. If a physicist or a mathematician has not made his mark by the time he is 30, the probability is that he never will do so. But the historian has only just served his apprenticeship by the time he is 30, and rarely produces his best work until he is at least 40. It is not hard to see why. The historian is concerned primarily with human beings, their reaction to their environment and to each other (for neither institutions nor ideas have a life of their own apart from humanity). Foremost in his intellectual equipment, therefore, should be a knowledge of how human beings behave, of the complex mental processes behind a thinker's ideas or a statesman's policy.

These are much more difficult to understand than the particles in the atom or the movement of a star, for they are going on all the time within the historian while he writes, and, in a sense, are responsible for what he writes. The first human being the historian must understand is himself. Nor can any objective test be applied to his results, as to those of the scientist: no experiment will determine whether the historian be right or wrong in his assessment of human conduct in the past, and the dead cannot be made to speak again. All this he learns slowly, after he has mastered the technique of his profession, if indeed he ever learns it at all. True history depends not on one's knowledge of the past but on an awareness of one's ignorance.

These reflections come to mind on reading Richard Pares's last book, a volume of essays prepared for publication by his sister and brother-in-law. Pares was born in 1902. At Oxford he read Greats and took a fellowship at All Souls. After a brief period as lecturer at London University, and in research in the West Indies and the USA, he settled down at Oxford where (in the words of Dr Lucy Sutherland, who has written an excellent short memoir for this volume) 'he spent ten years of concentrated and fruitful labour.' Apart from papers in learned journals, he produced two books, *War and Trade in the West Indies, 1739-1763* and *Colonial Blockade and Neutral Rights, 1739-1763*. During the war he worked in the Board of Trade and in 1945 was elected to the chair of history at Edinburgh University. He had served his apprenticeship brilliantly, and was just entering the years of his maturity.

'Hardly had he assumed his new duties', writes Dr Sutherland, 'when the first signs appeared of the rare and incurable disease, progressive muscular atrophy, which was first to incapacitate and then to destroy him.' He wrote one more book, *A West India Fortune*, which many think his best, and in 1954 was compelled to resign his chair. He went back to Oxford and spent the last four years of his life there, 'reading, writing, lecturing, supervising research students, and managing the affairs of the *English Historical Review*'. The masterpiece he was so fitted to write was never written. But his mind was always fresh and alive, and his courage never faltered. He delivered his Ford Lectures from a wheeled chair, and their publication must have surprised many who thought the reign of George III a tedious business. He read the ten volumes of Toynbee's *Study of History* (a task many may have started, but few surely have ever finished), and produced one of the best and most amusing critiques of Toynbee ever written. He never reviewed a book which he had not carefully studied, and his praise was high reward. From notes which he had made before his illness, he produced another book and several articles. On 3 May 1958, 'completely paralysed in body, but at the height of his intellectual powers', he died, aged 55.

This volume contains a dozen of his essays and papers, most of them originally published after 1951. I think the most interesting are his critique of Toynbee and the memoir of his father, Bernard Pares. Pares was at his best in writing about men, rather than ideas. He and Namier differed a good deal in their interpretation of eighteenth-century history, but they had something in common: for both, the men of that period were alive, with all their foibles and idiosyncrasies. Without this no one will write good history. But while Namier sought rather to re-create the past and understand it according to its own terms, Pares was more concerned with the problem of relating the past to the present and the service history could perform. 'Good history', he wrote, 'cannot do so much service as money or science; but bad history can do almost as much harm as the most disastrous scientific discovery in the world.'

JOHN BROOKE

The Limits of My World

Wittgenstein's Notebooks 1914-1916. Edited and Translated by G. E. M. ANSCOMBE. *Blackwell. 32s 6d.*

This is an instantly recognisable classic of philosophy which will be of inexhaustible interest to philosophers now and at all times. But it will not be easily read by the general reader, unless he is entirely familiar with the preceding logical discoveries, and the logical experiments, of Frege and Lord Russell. These discoveries are the starting point of Wittgenstein's solitary thought, which is here traced in a series of reflections, recorded under different dates. The entries in the Notebook are often no more than a single sentence, and there is never more than a short paragraph of continuous prose. There are strands of argument that coil through the separate entries, always returning finally to the same central doubt: is there a necessary relation between the forms of language and the structure of the world to which language refers? What is this relation? Can it be in any way characterised?

We can know that a newly formulated proposition is meaningful, independently of knowing whether it is true or whether it is false, as we can read a map independently of knowing whether the features of the countryside are in fact related as the map says that they are. If we understand a proposition, we already know where to look in order to ascertain whether it is true or false. In virtue of its form, the proposition already presents a possible truth, as a correctly arranged map reference already determines a definite position on the ground. How do we know where to look? The proposition is itself complex, and the arrangement of the simple elements in the proposition must portray some possible arrangement of elements in reality, as a map portrays, correctly or incorrectly, the landscape.

This theory of meaning seemed to imply that there must be ultimately simple elements in reality corresponding to the simple elements in a fully analysed proposition. But Wittgenstein could see no means of identifying such simple elements in language. It seemed every putative simple element in a proposition must also have a structure which determined its place in the proposition, and therefore it could not be simple. All through these notebooks, continued during his service in the Austrian Army, he tries to find a way round his dilemma. Almost all the objections that were subsequently to be urged against the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, to be published in 1918, are already anticipated in these preliminary studies.

Leibniz, and other philosophers before Wittgenstein, had argued that all the problems of metaphysics are reducible to problems about the nature of propositions and about the nature of truth as an attribute of propositions. Wittgenstein's originality was to press the inquiry one stage further, in a more uncompromising and sceptical spirit, as an inquiry into meaning: if the sense of a proposition is determined by its form, and if only certain forms of proposition are significant, do these logical forms reveal the logical structure of reality, that is, the limited range of *possible* facts?

Years later, after a lifetime of argument with himself, he was finally to decide that they do not. For he gradually discarded his belief, formed in the first excitement of Russell's logical discoveries, that logical analysis revealed the ultimate structures of propositions,

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STEVENS

and therefore revealed the range of possible facts. The superficial forms of language do not conceal an underlying and necessary structure which can be reached by logical analysis. Therefore the proper work of philosophy, in elucidating difficult concepts, is to draw attention to the variety that lies on the surface of language, as it is actually used, and to clear our minds of any preconceptions about its necessary forms. Language must rather be studied only as a human institution and in the context of human behaviour. This retreat has been the order of development of analytical philosophy, and it has followed the order of development of Wittgenstein's own thinking.

These Notebooks, superb in their concentration, show the beginnings of modern philosophy, as it is now understood in this country. A purist might use this book as a test of whether he likes the original matter of philosophy itself, apart altogether from its uses, and without any literary dilution. Alongside the main themes there is much that is of great biographical interest: particularly some uncertain speculations on morality, which further explain the influence of Schopenhauer still noticeable in the *Tractatus*. Added to the Notebooks themselves is some correspondence with Lord Russell between the years 1912 and 1920, some notes dictated to G. E. Moore in Norway in 1914, and a further set of notes on logic written in 1913.

In 20 years or so those who like the present reviewer, are still unconvinced by Wittgenstein's later criticism of his own first theory of meaning may be shown to be right or may be shown to be wrong. The argument continues, and it concerns the nature and limits of philosophy itself. Can philosophers validly still set themselves to uncover some universal and necessary forms of intelligible thought and language? Or must they confine themselves to describing the surface of language, as it actually exists, without any such ancient pretensions?

STUART HAMPSHIRE

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Longmans

The Heritage of Waverley

The Heyday of Sir Walter Scott. By DONALD DAVIE. *Routledge*. 23*s*.

As I write this review, I have before me a drawing by Constantin Guys, inscribed 'Vich Ian Vhor', which shows the Highland chieftain of *Waverley* kilted, sporraned, plaided, waving his clansmen on to some deed of honour or glory. The outward course of Scott's influence has often been traced to France, Russia, Poland, the Old South; Dr Davie has had the fruitful idea of starting with a few of those who were influenced – Pushkin, Mickiewicz, certain Irish novelists, Fenimore Cooper – and working back to a consideration of what exactly it was in Scott that they took over.

He begins with Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter* where, as Saintsbury was quick to point out on its publication in English, the last scene echoes Jeanie Deans's interview with Queen Caroline in *The Heart of Midlothian*; but what Pushkin was taking from Scott was not the antiquarian bric-à-brac: it was 'the fact of community considered as a state of being or a state of feeling' Coming back from Pushkin to *Waverley*, Dr Davie demonstrates Scott's 'peculiar device' for exploring the network of relationships which make the fact of community: it was the creation of an amiable, vacillating, unheroic hero, who should be 'a sounding-board for historical reverberations'. Edward Waverley's sympathies first warm to the old heroic order of the Highlands: he is gradually disillusioned by the embodiment of this order, Vich Ian Vhor, and he ends by accepting the necessity of an order based on reasonableness, public spirit, justice (Dr Davie makes an important point in stressing that the tone at the end of the novel is not nostalgic, but elegiac).

On Waverley play the tensions of the Forty-five; through him we are made aware of the network of relationships within the Highland families he visits, and between them and the rest of the country. As a clue to Waverley's role, Dr Davie takes Scott's dedication of the novel to Henry Mackenzie: Waverley was the Man of Feeling who registered situations on his sensibilities. This made me think of a further likeness: 'Amiable, vacillating, unheroic hero' – how the words attach themselves to Boswell, how it is Boswell's wavering character that makes him respond to so many different kinds of experience, enthusiasm, and friendship.

When Dr Davie proceeds to Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz* – which the poet claimed to be nearest in kind to a Scott novel – it is 'the weak hero poised and vacillating between opposites' through whom the reader is made to feel the pull of conflicting ideologies, which again he marks out as the significant borrowing, Here, most of us will have to take Dr Davie on trust; but his full quotations certainly bear out this view. Turning to the Irish followers of Scott, Dr Davie looks at the set-pieces of local colour in William Carleton's novels, at the chivalrous high-spiritedness of Charles Lever's heroes, at the ghosts in Le Fanu, and finds in them a sort of negative evidence of Scott's achievement.

Fenimore Cooper, 'the American Scott', is the novelist whom Dr Davie discusses most thoroughly. There are the obvious similarities to be noted: the matching of a style of orotund gentility to a romantic or primitive subject-matter; the concern with local manners and occupations; the Ossianic language of Cooper's Indians, as of Scott's Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. And again, particularly when he looks at *The Pioneers*, and the incidents where Judge Temple and Leatherstocking are sometimes in conflict, sometimes united in opposition to the customs of their frontier society. Dr Davie concludes that where Cooper follows Scott most significantly is in 'exploring the endlessly ramifying subtlety which weaves together man with man inside a human society'.

This is not so much, then, a book about Scott, as a book about stories, and a poem, that have led Dr Davie back to Scott along a path uncluttered by the critical clichés about the weakness of Scott's heroes, or the comparative unimportance of his plots. It has led Dr Davie to the conviction that Scott's greatness is in his social, rather than his historical, imagination. This is not exactly the Scott of whom Stendhal reported: 'Jeannie Deans, Flora MacIvor or the sublime Rebecca are better known in Toulouse, Dunkirk and Besançon than either the Queens of France or the principal characters of Voltaire'; but it is a Scott who is more likely to seem relevant to our present preoccupations.

JANET ADAM SMITH

New Novels

Heatwave in Berlin. By DYMPHNA CUSACK. *Heinemann*. 16*s*.

No Signposts in the Sea. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Joseph*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

A Strange Solitude. By PHILIPPE SOLLERS. Translated by RICHARD HOWARD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 15*s*.

An unpalatable truth about art is that it so often works only at long range – and that is not always enough. In literature particularly, 'good' writing can defeat its own ends. Certainly the novel-with-a-purpose sometimes succeeds *in its purpose* very much better without it. A case in point is *Heatwave in Berlin* which is more likely, just because of what would otherwise be a fatally popular touch, to reach targets absolutely beyond the reach of greater writers however tragic, poetic or profound their contribution to the literature of Jewish catastrophe. Average Reader may of course react indignantly at finding himself downing along with his malted milk a dose of searing, violent corrosive; but the draught will have been swallowed, hitherto indifferent throats burned with knowledge.

Joy, a young Australian, comes with her German husband and child to West Berlin to visit his family whom she has never met. At first all is attractive; the rich living, the grand prospects . . . But gradually the menacing neo-Nazi undertones rise in volume till Joy, nice, naive, unsuspecting, begins to understand not only what is happening in Germany today but also what part her husband's family is taking in it.

Their hairbreadth escape at the end is Buchanish, the plot Hitchcock, some situations – the confounding of the woman doctor for example – ludicrous; almost all the characters are stock . . . and yet this novel carries in its picture of the frightening resuscitation of Nazi power an impact of such violence that one closes the book, trembling. The chapters relating experiences in concentration camps are quite horrifying.

Miss Sackville-West has produced an odd book. *No Signposts in the Sea* – half journal, half novel – is written with an old-fashioned, unabashed, positively wilful sensibility which one cannot help feeling could only be the result of a sheltered life spent in high places. Edmund Carr, a famous political journalist about to die, takes a long sea voyage to be near the woman he secretly loves. Laura is tall and cool with a greyhound elegance. She wears greys and whites. She has grave, grey eyes. Indeed there is so much elegant greyness about it's no wonder Edmund buys her a magenta scarf with yellow camels on it – though unfortunately he never presents it. They have deeply urbane conversations leaning against the ship's rails, spoilt only by interruptions from his feared rival, Colonel Dalrymple. Only at the end does Edmund, before dying, discover that Laura loves *him*. This book has maddened me by ruining what could have been a compassionate, moving, human journal in the Gissing manner with a thin, wished-on plot and unconvincing characters from the Army and Navy Stores.

Take Swann at 16, a Spanish Odette at 30 . . . Proustian echoes – there is even a long quotation from him – are not wanting in *A Strange Solitude*. Philippe Sollers (still very young) though of course trotting a long way behind the Master, at least gives Radiguet something of a chase. This analysis of adolescent intensity is certainly comparable with *Le Diable au Corps*. Felipe, a schoolboy, falls in love with Concha, a nursemaid. Love? Well not really. Felipe, for all his anguish, jealousy, boredom, passion is not really concerned with love but with experience. What devours him is the unholy passion of artist's curiosity. He wants to *know*. 'I approached her, listened, breathed her breath, trying to surprise the principle of her enchantment at the source'. Away studying in Paris he cannot forget her. She joins him, the affair flares up again briefly, then dies. 'I would love other people, but only to ferret out the mystery which eludes . . .' In other words he will become a writer. And if anything like his creator he'll do pretty well. Reading this book is like listening to epigrammatic, youthful-intellectual, French talk.

GERDA CHARLES

Towards Intelligence

The School of Donne. By A. ALVAREZ. *Chatto & Windus*. 18*s*.

This is the right moment for a cool look at Donne. The 20th-century revival of interest in his poems is now getting into perspective. He has ceased to be a vital influence on the writing of poetry. But he is read and he holds attention. He is now taken for granted at 17, instead of being discovered at 19. But a generation or so ago Donne and the Metaphysical poets were praised for qualities which really belong to 20th-century poetry, and in a critical terminology that was essentially anachronistic. They were seen too much as a group; the differences between Donne and the others, and between each of the others, were sometimes underplayed, in favour of a belief in 'unified sensibility'.

Mr Alvarez inherits the scholarship and criticism of the last 50 years. But his point of view is individual, and he has written a courageous and vigorous book. The course of English poetry from Donne to Dryden, from Metaphysical to Augustan, has already been the subject of a good deal of learned explanation. It needs it. For the School of Donne was a unique phenomenon in English poetry: it was a school that was really worth while. Other groups of poets working under the influence of a master – like the school of Spenser or the school of Pope – are bores. But the work of Donne stimulated half a dozen or more really distinguished poets, of very varied achievement and personality, yet clearly related stylistically. And then the movement fades away, with surprisingly little fuss. Milton disdained it; Dryden outgrew it; Pope condescended to it; Dr Johnson interred it. And Donne (though admired by the antiquaries, by the pious, and by Browning) passed out of the tradition of English poetry until Rupert Brooke in 1909 wrote 'Dust' and could rejoice, when he reviewed Grierson's edition in the *Nation* early in 1913, that 'Donne's glory is ever increasing'.

Mr Alvarez has new and important things to say in each of the three parts of his book, which discusses the literary environment of Donne, the poets who followed him (notably Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw, Marvell, Cleveland and Cowley), and the withdrawal from the Metaphysical style after the mid-century. He begins by placing Donne among the writers for whom he wrote – his immediate circle of rising young men, with lively intelligence, ambition, social influence, and an amateur interest in literature. Donne had little to do with the contemporary professional literary world. He spoke of it, and of the poetry it produced, with contempt; and he himself published hardly any of his poems. He and his friends wrote for each other, in an allusive, obscure, abrupt style, contemptuous of merely literary values. 'I will have no such readers as I can teach,' he says in the epistle before *The Progress of the Soul* in 1601. The poems (mostly quite worthless) of his friends resemble Donne's only in these respects. The poets of the next generation –

LESSON 5

DEVON is famous for Sea Dogs who went out in barks to meet the foe. (An Exe marks the spot where they went out.) PLYMOUTH has a Ho which it gives wherever a Guinness comes in sight.

SOMERSET is famous for BATH which was occupied by the Romans. A Cheddar gorge can also be enjoyed in this county. Usually accompanied by Guinness.

A Roman Bath Chap

LINCOLNSHIRE has BOSTON where the Pilgrim Mothers held a Tea Party before sailing in "The Wallflower" in search of Americans.

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Hiawatha, one of the first Pilgrim Mothers

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Wherever you go you get
GUINNESS
It's a wonderful country!

G.E.3520.A

the school of Donne, strictly speaking – were influenced by other characteristics of his style: its 'Metaphysical' qualities.

But not merely the notorious 'Metaphysical images', the extravagant comparisons, the compasses and the battering-ram. These (says Mr Alvarez) play a comparatively small part in Donne's poems. By frequent repetition of the phrase, it has come to be assumed that there actually is something called the 'Metaphysical style'; but the truth is that this 'either disappears when you try to look at it too closely, or it grows until it fills the whole picture'. Much more important in Donne's poems is the tough logic, the scientific and philosophical allusiveness. His enormous influence over English poetry, Mr Alvarez challengingly asserts, 'has almost nothing to do with conceits, and not much to do with dialectic; but it has everything to do with a realism of the intelligence . . . The best Metaphysical poetry is defined by the quality of full, tense but informal intelligence which it commands.'

Mr Alvarez therefore turns our attention away from the philosophical or quasi-psychological interpretations of the Metaphysical mode of poetry. He quotes Eliot's phrase, 'the unified sensibility', without disparagement, but curtly adds, 'I prefer the term "realism" '. When he is writing best, he is revealing the artistry of the poets. The Caroline lyric-writers, for example, take over the device of the dramatic opening-lines and 'yield very little to Donne in the way of freshness and originality. But with Donne the initial discovery at its best suggests a new truth about the feelings which the rest of the poem then substantiates, whereas Carew and the others use their brilliant openings simply as a means of striking an attitude.' He strenuously extricates Herbert from the 'legend' that 'the essence of his poetry is an unquestionable piety which is occasionally put off centre by his taste for the quaint'. Marvell clearly appeals to Mr Alvarez's intelligence; but he is less stimulating on Crashaw, and his treatment of Cowley seems to me to be too much influenced by a schematic view of literary history. Poor Cowley still suffers the burden of Dr Johnson's brilliant mockery. Mr Alvarez quotes this with approval. But I wish he would return to Cowley and see him as he is, and not as one whose 'importance' lies in his being 'the transition poet between the Metaphysicals and the Augustans' (a rare lapse, this, into the old academic jargon).

The longest and the most important chapter in the book is the last, where Mr Alvarez gives his interpretation of the retreat from metaphysical poetry after the mid-17th century. In default of helpful literary criticism of the time, he with great skill points to the views of Bacon, Hobbes, and their followers, on the proper objects for the exercise of the human intelligence and on the use of language, as giving us an indication why the Metaphysical style became distasteful. Bacon in *The Advancement of Learning* condemned those 'subtile, idle, unwholesome, and . . . vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality'. Mr Alvarez quotes other passages from Bacon, from Hobbes's *Leviathan*, and from Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* which, with a little adjustment, can be interpreted as a condemnation of the whole attitude of mind reflected in Donne's poetry. The university curricula were, of course, still 'perplexed with obscure terms and useless questions', as Locke described it when he went up to Oxford in 1652. The undergraduates were still being submitted to the archaic mental disciplines which might have helped them to understand Donne. No wonder they came to reject Metaphysical poetry.

TERENCE SPENCER

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Paperback Universe

Anyone interested in the current Ryle-Hoyle controversy can enjoy three additions to the paperback library of erudition now expanding so explosively in Britain, whether native or brought from the USA.

The most directly readable is Professor Ernst Opik's *The Oscillating Universe* (Mentor Books, 4*s*.), for it is short and as attractively opinionated as its Esthonian author. He believes: (i) the succession of warm periods and ice ages of the earth were the result of variations in the radiation given out by the sun; (ii) the universe is certainly now expanding but will reach a stage where it will begin to contract and eventually end up as a mass of nuclear 'fluid' once more. There are no illustrations but a full index. Contrasted with this is Dr Raymond Lyttleton's *The Modern Universe* (Grey Arrow Books, 3*s*. 6*d*.). It is small and it has 38 line diagrams and several half-tone pictures, but no index. It is complete in itself as a primer on astronomy for the layman. In fact the book grew out of television programmes done for the BBC. On the cosmological issue Dr Lyttleton is in no doubt; he is a lyrical 'steady-state' believer.

Thirdly there is Professor Fred Hoyle's *Frontiers of Astronomy* (Mercury Books, 12*s*.). This is a massive book of exposition with 59 plates and 67 line diagrams and an index. It is only a paperback in fact, not in lay-out or bulk. The ebullient author has a lot to say on the earth, the sun and the planets, but the reader must be prepared to make the effort to cope with graphs and arithmetic that make no concession to the ignorant. He disagrees completely with Professor Opik. According to Hoyle, the ice-ages came from changes in the blanket of water vapour round the earth and had nothing to do with changes in the sun, for which, he says bluntly, there is neither theoretical nor observational evidence.

It is fair to say that all three books were originally published before the advanced radio-astronomers had produced evidence supporting a view of a universe that *began*, in contrast to the Hoyle-Bondi-Gold theory of steady-state continual creation according to which the universe had no beginning and need have no end, or, in Lyttleton's quotation, 'As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be.' The controversy gives the three books extra impact, for all are authoritative, all attractively written.

Intellectual readers who have a sneaking feeling that theories that cause such controversy may come more from subconscious prejudices than objective science will enjoy Dr Gregory Zilboorg's *Sigmund Freud* (Evergreen Books, 10*s*. 6*d*.). This is an enthusiast's book but intended to correct many of the misinterpretations put on Freud's theories by so many of the intelligentsia.

And so to culture. Malinowski's *A Scientific Theory of Culture* (Galaxy Books, 9*s*.) was first put together just after the famous anthropologist's death in 1942. All that need be said here is that he based his theory of culture on the fact that all human beings are animals and so perform functions in order to supply primitive needs. Professor Harry Shapiro's *Man, Culture, and Society* (Galaxy Books, 13*s*. 6*d*.) is a collection of essays by anthropologists on the development of human beings through the centuries. The debt of several authors to Malinowski is easily seen, but most of them have gone beyond him to the examination of very wide cultural groups. An excellent and lively set of essays.

George Sarton was the amazing Belgian who became a professor at Harvard and made the history of science academically respectable. While there he published 15 books and over 300 papers. In the present book *The Life of Science* (Indiana University Press, 12*s*. 6*d*.) several of his shorter writings are collected together in one very readable volume. Anyone who values the concept of the individual in an age of mass welfare will enjoy these pieces by a lively seeker after truth who had no room for the mere technicality of science. If, however, the views of scientists themselves are preferred, then one should read the new 500-page compendium *Philosophy of Science* (Meridian Books, 13*s*.) edited by Arthur Danto and Sidney Morgenbesser. Galileo, Russell, Boltzmann, Newton – these are only a few whose essays figure in this book. For classical work there is A. C. Crombie's *Augustine to Galileo* (Mercury Books, 2 vols, 7*s*. each). These are reprints of a most thorough piece of work by the science historian who is now university lecturer in the subject at Oxford.

Finally, a wholly new book on a frontier subject. It is Amassa S. Bishop's *Project Sherwood: The US Program in Controlled Fusion* (Anchor Books, 12*s*.). This is a textbook, a work of reference, and an introduction for the intelligent layman to the subject that has sometimes been called the 'taming of the H-bomb for peaceful purposes'.

C. L. BOLTZ

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

King Kong – Making the Music

TODD MATSHIKIZA

Someone suggests (*Sunday Telegraph*, 5 February) that the British public should see and support as far as possible the all-native South African Jazz Opera, *King Kong*, for it would be sad for the poor Natives if they were to travel the whole distance to flop in London after opening night, to return to the misery of the land of their birth. I should be very sad indeed if Britain went to appraise this musical with sympathy, for sympathy, and in sympathy with us Blacks. Sympathy is not a valid reason ever. Goodwill, and all of the wonderfully warm welcome that Britain has accorded *King Kong* before and around opening night, the record advance press in tremendous favour of this new thing out of Africa, are all highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. But *King Kong* must stand or fall by his own strength or weakness, in London or anywhere else in the world.

After all he has come a long way. A patronising attitude has found it hard to dissociate him from Edgar Wallace's fabulous, terrorising ape. Another attitude has described this musical in the Afrikaans press as 'Brilliant Bantu Opera' (in the traditional vocabulary of that language) and as triumphant underground rubles complete with the V-for-Victory sign in its drum beats.

King Kong, or the source of its music, has lived precariously with these attitudes for 25 years. It grows from struggle. Still, I do not know if this musical is jazz, opera or Bantu. It left my hands before I could name it.

The distinguished company of this band of losers begins with Griffiths Motsieloa who discovered 'Sponono' in the middle of the Twenties. Sponono is the three-chord 'jazz' form (two major chords and a dominant seventh), that arrived in the South of Africa with the guitar. And this feature characterises most (so called) African jazz in the same way as the blues is distinguished by the twelve-bar sequence and the Blue Note from other forms of jazz. But Motsieloa was not allowed to keep his early jazz form although composers like Gashe, who reasonably enough was amenable to other influences, contributed towards the development of Sponono.

Gashe, the composer and jazz organist, felt the need to expand on Motsieloa's discovery: he added pedal points to enlarge on the three-note chords of Motsieloa's Sponono, so that he could find room for variation phrases in this limited two-bar sequence. Gashe, the African pioneer, was well on the way towards establishing and incorporating other harmonic relationships with this music. His early recordings, alas now extinct, reveal how he used tonal inflections to enhance the three-chord form and exploit the as yet unnotated African musical scale. But a heavy white claw pounced upon Gashe and Sponono and said any attempt to internationalise this form must be done by the white claw.

The recording industry in South Africa took over the African street musician as symbolised in *King Kong* by Lemmy Mabaso. The black composer had little or no work to do. Writing for the record companies became a specialised white job because the jazz had to have a selling flavour. And so the authentic mood of Sponono and Marabi died with all the potential of a distinct art form.

Black professional musicians abandoned the recording studio to the street musicians. The war years found us playing orchestrations from England and America. But the rebel in Jerry Ndabezitha branched out and found his alto saxophone improvising through chord clusters of African music that were favourably impressionistic. Examples of this very happy though forbidden marriage are found in Ndabezitha's recordings of 'Umtata' and 'E-Qonce', both examples which require of the interpreter the utmost in rhythmic expression.

It was a tiny revolt against the mighty hand that clawed around the throat, a clear refusal to be handicapped. Less vociferous but equally manifest struggles can be heard in the work of Gideon Nxumelo's smaller group work, 'Fish and Chips'.

Gideon Nxumelo named his work 'Fish and Chips' after the hard-working manual labourer's daily dinner. The strain was great on all of us and we had broken up from the big bands into smaller units on which recording companies were prepared to risk small change. In a land where work, wealth and prosperity are the privilege of a few, and subsistence is the mind's main occupational business, art may succumb. Or the efforts of art survive in the thought of a handful of Parktownians too few to mention, in whose company one is with honest seekers.

In 1956 white Johannesburg celebrated her 70th birthday. There were side-shows for the Blacks, firework displays laid on in the townships by the city council. The council chose half a dozen whites to take charge of the fun for the Blacks. They asked me to write a 'Song of Joy' for 200 voices and orchestra. But the SABC Symphony Orchestra would not touch the work, as a public appearance with a Black choir would have been an embarrassment. So the white conductor in charge of the music group of the 'Native' section of the City Council found me a brass band. When I suggested 'thunder' and 'lightning' in the music, he drowned brass in timpani. When I said the title of the work *Uxolo* meant peace, he bounded with enthusiasm. When I tried to explain that the Xhosa phrases in the piece were satirical of the claw (and I raised my hands to my throat demonstrating strangulation), he said nobody will 'dig' that. Much about the 'claw' was not above censorship. I was glad that the censors wouldn't 'dig' it. But I was cross when this conductor removed my tempi of five against four because he couldn't 'dig' them. And when I wrote in consecutive fifths he changed them to fourths. Where I doubled my octaves he added thirds and told me he was giving the piece festival polish. Finally the SABC recorded the concert and laid the accent on the timpani.

But the African public was enthusiastic about the snatches they were able to pick up between the blaring brass, 50 strong, and the quiet, pensive moments of the Andante as the choir sang, or implied:

We dug the gold,
You've taken hold.
Forget it. Let's get cracking with the building
job.

This work, as was the case with other smaller works of mine, was patronised by the

What the
papers say
about

'BOOTSIE
AND
SNUDGE'

'My enthusiasm for Bootsie and Snudge varies inversely with the intricacy of the plot. On the whole it's easily the best behaviour comedy since Hancock . . .
'Their relationship has been developing ever since "The Army Game" first threw them together, but basically it's that kind of reluctant, rock-bottom dependence of one human being on another which held Hancock and Sid James together or for that matter binds some of the characters in the plays of Samuel Beckett.
'Bootsie and Snudge may resent each other, betray each other, but in the end they *need* each other, like Maddy and Dan, Pozzo and his slave, Tom and Jerry, Val and Lew . . .
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—*Sunday Telegraph*.

'Granada's Army Game . . . by a process of binary fission like an amoeba, has reproduced itself into Bootsie and Snudge. This cunning exploitation of the love-hate relationship of the ex-Company Sergeant Major and the half-wit, now in business as club-porter and his dogsbody, is based on some magnificent acting by Bill Fraser and Alfie Bass.' —*The Observer*.

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—*Daily Telegraph*.

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GRANADA TV

white public in South Africa – in the sense that they went to listen or look, when such an opportunity was granted by the City Fathers, at their domestic servants, their nannies and houseboys in a novelty role. But every time the small opportunity occurred, I was faced with the agony of the big white claw.

My fellow sufferer and friend, sculptor Samson Bhavuma, was similarly faced with having to 'hand over' his work to a committee of white patrons who set themselves up to 'encourage and develop Native talent'. I do not know why Samson chose a monkey for his subject, but he carved a monkey on wood, pronouncing the monkey's masculinity somewhat grotesquely. While he was working on the subject his patrons of the 'Native Development Committee' suggested he should add, to complete his piece, a nude African woman carrying food on a mat and bringing it to the monkey. Samson accepted the suggestion 'from above', but in addition he bound his monkey in a rope, and produced the effect of an improvised Siqueiros 'Proletarian Victim'. I asked him later why he did it and he replied, 'They wanted it so.'

That attitude persists in many of our work songs and I have lived with it much of my life. But though there may be a black woman in the song, she is neither nude nor subservient. She is represented in the 40 women now appearing on the London stage in *King Kong*. She is persuasive, strong and personal. And this is what I tried to visualise in the music of this musical which was neither jazz nor opera in my original score.

Kong was persuasive and strong in South Africa. Among the 120,000 who flocked to see the show there, was the white element who went to see a monkey. But Black and white had something more stimulating to talk about than planning the family's dinner in the kitchen jargon of 'Fanakalo'. They kept saying, 'Have you seen *Kong*? The country's coming on nicely, hey.'

But I wasn't 'coming on nicely.' I had tried several times to say a few things musically; but I had no experience with the orchestra and each time my work slipped out of my hands. I was determined to keep *Kong* as close to my heart as possible. I went into business with two black friends so that we could pool our resources and produce from my original score a satisfying orchestral contribution from the team I had assembled before the claw grabbed the work. But conflict, as in most theatrical projects, set in, and the claw laughed, 'Ha, ha, ha, I got you again ol' chap.'

The creative team walked in and out of *Kong* several times. The last time I walked out I stood in the rain and got thoroughly drenched listening to a friend who was saying to me, 'Stay in the thing. If you walk out you play into their hands. Already they've been saying it belongs to them.'

I was thirsty. I went into the nearest shebeen for a long one, but instead of walking into a drink I walked into a police net. The place was being raided. But even as the police flung my pass back into my face, it was nothing to a voice that once said to me, 'You chaps haven't got the know how.' I was hearing the laughter in that room in Parktown as I shut the door behind me.

A few weeks later we were invited to listen to the arrangements and samples of the music at the posh night club, the Latin Quarter. The arranger had been working hard at the score and we turned out in full force with great expectation. The backers were there all minked, pearled and bow-tied. Someone took me through the social grind of introductions.

And then the music began.

I looked round the surrealist paintings on the walls. I looked up at the ceiling draped in hessian sacking held up conically in the centre to look like a beatnik's hideout. The cigar smoke drenched the Latin Quarter and hung round the hessian like the tentacles of a giant octopus. The whole place was pretentiously arty, designed to look like that for Johannesburg's big money. I looked at the white people, heavily bespectacled in thick Dizzy Gillespian horn rims. Rabelais . . . his character who 'eats his bread in the smoke of roast beef.' The night the backers didn't bite.

That week by some strange fate the Latin Quarter went up in flames. That month the music was tackled afresh.

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

King Kong – Making History

MARTIN JARRETT-KERR, CR

Now that the *King Kong* cast are in this country, with passports that have to be renewed if they stay beyond November, there is much speculation about the implication of their arrival. All the right people attended the première (including the South African High Commissioner, who could have seen the show in Pretoria two years ago but somehow didn't get around to it; he's come a long way to fulfil his desire to see it). The director and managers of the show have expressed their satisfaction at the readiness of the Department concerned to grant (even limited) passports. Is this appeasement of the Nationalists? Is the whole tour one in a *tour d'ivoire*?

I want to give my own personal interpretation of the issues, as one who once had close contact with the Union of Southern African Artists (the sponsors of the show) but who can now survey the situation at a distance. As I see it, the USAA has been constantly faced with the classic dilemmas of politico-moral decision: to what point can one compromise in tactics to achieve ultimate strategic advance? Thus, when *King Kong* toured South Africa in 1959 it had to play in varying conditions according to the local apartheid regulations. In Johannesburg (the longest run) it played to a mixed but segregated audience – segregated, that is, by blocks. In Durban it played to a 'Jim Crow' audience, whites below, blacks in the gallery.

So, too, during the Johannesburg Festival, 1956, the City authorities decided they would like a 'non-European' section to the Festival. In any case certain artists would not come at all unless they could play to non-whites: the British Musicians' Union had passed a resolution to that effect, and the London Symphony Orchestra could only play on those conditions. The USAA offered to help the City authorities arrange and publicise these performances and though, as I remember, at first the City authorities were suspicious (for the USAA, after all, had been founded by Father Huddleston and his name was not a popular one with them), they soon found they couldn't in fact get at the potential African audiences without the help of the USAA which was constantly in touch with them. Again, the USAA has been in regular communication with the British Actors' Equity Association, and has advised about the practicability of Equity's resolutions on its members performing in countries where there is a colour-bar.

It has been suggested that in all this the USAA has 'played in with the government', that because one member of the cast was refused a passport (on the grounds, presumably, of his known political affiliations) the rest of the company must be 'good boys', moderates, compromisers. Yet the USAA was, as I have said, founded by Father Huddleston; and we know well what reputation he and his friends had with the authorities.

The USAA is by its constitution committed to a non-racial basis and in the past it was always in touch with the African leaders. Divisions of opinion have been largely not on principle but on what was or was not practicable.

Thus, some African friends of mine boycotted not only the Johannesburg Festival in 1956 but some of the USAA shows since then, on the grounds that to attend them is to accept apartheid. Mr Alan Paton and others protested in South Africa against the acceptance by the USAA of apartheid conditions of performance when *King Kong* played in Durban. I don't know what Mr Paton's present view on this matter is, but I learn that he is now a valuable friend of the USAA. Of course, it is difficult to be logical in the South African context; to eat, to sleep, perhaps even to breathe in the Union is to some extent to accept apartheid. But there is more than that.

If, say, British actors were to refuse to visit South Africa until all colour restrictions had been lifted, what would happen? First, for many years no British actors would go to

South Africa at all. But second, suppose their action led to the dropping of colour bar in the Theatre, to whom would they play? For a long time yet they would still play only, or largely, to whites: for the non-whites, even if free to go, would neither be able to afford, nor be interested, to go in any large numbers.

No doubt this is partly due to the fact that halls which admit non-whites have been shockingly ill-equipped and neither audience nor players have enjoyed such conditions. It is hoped that this can be remedied: certainly last year for the first time one of the white theatres in Johannesburg was opened one night to a (segregated) black audience. It has been the contention of the USAA that the immediate and most important task is to build up a real demand for theatre, music, etc., among the 'non-Europeans' and to give opportunities for expression to their dancers, singers and actors.

And this is where, I believe, *King Kong* has its biggest implications. The Nationalist Government no doubt gave the cast passports on the grounds that English critics of apartheid would be confounded or mollified by seeing happy and well-fed African players performing freely and with confidence in their own abilities. I do not believe myself that English audiences are going to be taken in by this. For the players themselves and their organisation what the success of the show will mean is this: pride in achievement, a respect for the African as a talented and creative person, a feeling of having 'got there'. If, in order to 'get there' there have had to be minor compromises on the way, they have been reluctant ones, in the conviction that total desegration (not only in theatre, but in all walks of life) at the end of it, gives the only genuine freedom for the arts.

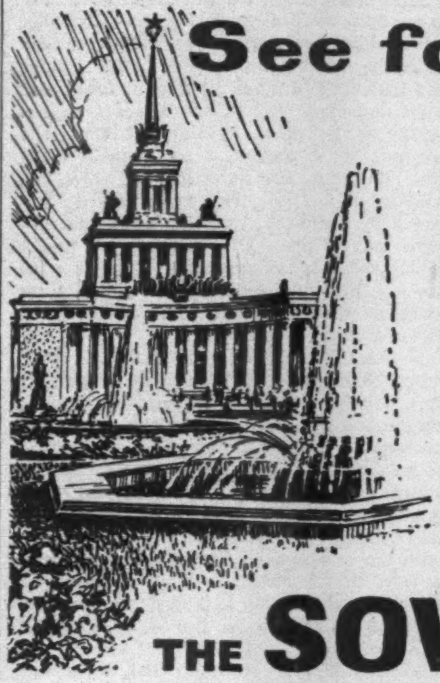
The battle has to be fought on many levels simultaneously; to function on the level of the arts is not to be unaware that there are other, and perhaps more important, levels. It was jazz that brought the American Negro on to the world-stage – that revealed him as a force to be reckoned with. And when you see *King Kong* itself I think you will see, behind the gay singing, the dancing, the subtle jokes at the white man's expense, a toughness and an integrity which is advance, not escape.

John Whiting

H. A. L. CRAIG

I will be direct about John Whiting. There are speeches in this play that for power have not been written by an Englishman in the English theatre since Webster. One might pass even Thomas Otway. That is the scale of *The Devils*. Mr Whiting makes the best of our playwrights since the war seem mere byways in the drama. *The Devils* is our only highroad.

Montherlant's historical play, *Queen After Death*, now at Oxford, with its international reputation, is a post-mortem compared with the analysis of living in this historical play. The comparison is a valid one. The Montherlant is a costume piece with a modern necktie, it contrives to fit us; *The Devils*, played in costume, is not in its bearings a costume play. Its fancy clothes are our own. We, as we watch *The Devils* (at the Aldwych), are men and women of 17th-century provincial France and it, in its turn, by the strength of its writing and by the drive of its pendulum, plays to us from February 1961. Consider then what it breaks through. It opens with a corpse on a gibbet, not our Marble Arch; it has a public



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exorcism of nuns on the stage, not our group therapy; it ends with a man on a rack, not our Evans or our Riley. Yet none of its medieval specifications has the effect of limiting *The Devils* or removing it from us. But why should we care about this hag-tale of religious trauma, this aching nun in Christ's harem? Her blasphemy isn't skin off our souls. Not until we are put under the power of the Theatre.

There are two main protagonists in *The Devils*. Urbain Grandier is a handsome, lady-stalking priest, who comes to comfort a widow and stays to comfort himself. He trails his soutane in politics; he fondles a rose lecherously. But nevertheless he is a priest, who holds the dirty hand of a dying peasant for two nights. He is a man, the only one we see, of pity. When he speaks under a hanged boy, or when he tells of a vision of *his* creation of God, when he talks at large, or whispers after the pain of the rack, we hear again the accents the English language once possessed – we had forgotten them – a rhetoric most finely balanced, words in measure, language of beauty and capacity. Yet had this priest not burned at the stake in 1634, he could be discovered in the Congo as a nobler but still walking 'burnt-out case'.

Down on this man comes 'a Bride of Christ', screaming in her womb. Sister Jeanne of the Angels, the Prioress of St Ursula's Convent, is deformed in body and in Intention. But her evil is not to be blamed. When her maker mismade her body, her hunched back, he gave her no protective shell, no slow soul. He should bear the consequence of her blasphemy. We see her as a woman utterly denied. Mr Whiting has not written her as a pathetic; she has not that deficiency; she is tragic, fully-fledged and high in her rhetoric. The devils possessing her are her sexual cravings – hysteria of the womb – and her spiritual desires: her soul is only half made-up and needs the other half. But you cannot judge Sister Jeanne by a stroke of King Solomon's psychoanalysis. We are long accustomed to the mingling of the sexual and the spiritual in the imagery of the intense mystics. Witness St Teresa. Witness Bernini's statue of St Teresa.

The Devils has, if you look for it, a beautiful Christian architecture of temptation, fall and taking up. It chips away at the old block of faith and morals. I admit that I have now no predisposition towards the Christian drama; I'd as soon see a play about murder under the mistletoe as I would about murder in a cathedral. But for all this, his nuns and priest and nun's priests, Mr Whiting has not written a play primarily about religion. The religious life is present as an immense situation; the characters stand in their vows, but exist in themselves; they are enclosed, cautioned by confessors, shown visions, but they learn man to man. Their prayers are superb soliloquies. It is as though the play were being put together by a process of addition, scene to scene; then somebody falls on his knees and everything is multiplied.

Nor is *The Devils* a psychological play, though much of it is revealed by insights or, superficially, by home truths, even such a simple one as a nun picking up a stick. As I recount it – making a nun pick up sticks – it sounds cheap and sniggery; as the nun recounts it it is profound and moving. It is poetry. Indeed only through poetry will you understand *The Devils*. *The Devils* grapples with the complexity of human experience on a level that is neither simply religious nor simply psychological. It is in its nature metaphysical. It crosses the human passion with the passion of Christ: the priest who lived by his senses offers his senses to God, not sucking at meat or tasting women, but his senses under torture: 'Offer God pain, convulsion and disgust'.

The Devils has the indirection of great art. As a play before an audience, every moment is brilliantly comprehensible; it is illumined; you can see the heart by it. But though you comprehend and become perceptive, you will not find an explanation. Because there is none. Sister Jeanne is a mystery, the priest is a mystery. The measure of Whiting's integrity is that he has not come out with an answer as if he were a cat with a mouse in his mouth. He has ended his play still staring at the hole. What, for instance, is the meaning of the last words spoken? Grandier, the priest, is dead, burnt; Sister Jeanne is alone; a few minutes before she had been searching for God in the street gutters. Whiting might have given his play a conclusion in religion with two words. 'God, God'. But he didn't. He had his nun cry out in pain and loneliness two other words. 'Grandier. Grandier.' Thereby Mr Whiting ennobled his wonderful play with a continuation of wonder. Ambiguous to the end. And we cannot see the Christ without the thieves.

Mr Whiting's construction of *The Devils* is also of deep cunning. It is made up of many short scenes that sometimes follow, sometimes overlap, and sometimes climb over each other. A word at the end of one scene may prompt the next, or dab its meaning. This gives the kind of fluidity that avoids the stilting of historical style. Peter Wood's employment of stage, his groupings, timings of speech, backing and advancing were in great spirit.

Sean Kenny's art has now reached such dimensions that he not only frees the playwright but releases himself to make his statement: the great crosses and gibbets, the height of the town walls, the violence of his Christ in stained glass, the fragility of the nun's cloister, were thrilling illuminations of Mr Whiting's play – and more. They were works of intense individuality.

Dorothy Tutin, lopsided, managed to put the pain of her hump into her eyes. She comes to us, each play, with new powers. Her Viola is actress perfect: her Sister Jeanne is actress superior. Richard Johnson played Grandier with handsome gravity, the right instrument for his early lines. Then he's thrown at us as a thing; but he isn't, he is a tortured man of tragedy. Mr Johnson plays him so.

Deaths and Entrances

JEREMY BROOKS

Celebration, latest fruit of the Willis Hall/Keith Waterhouse collaboration, which opened at the Nottingham Playhouse this week, is not a play. Nor is it a double bill. The nearest one can get to an accurate description is 'an evening at the theatre'. There are in fact two celebrations: one of a wedding, one of a funeral. The same northern working-class family is involved in each.

The mood of the wedding is expectant, anxious, slightly hilarious but tinged with the

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solemnity of an occasion hedged round with social superstitions. In a gloomy hired room above a local pub the Lucases are preparing for the reception: erecting trestle tables, unpacking crockery, attempting to make the bleak, characterless room look festive. They worry about having everything 'right', about not appearing to do it 'on the cheap', about whether the bridegroom should see the bride on the wedding eve. The bridegroom's family appear, one by one; there is an unexpected guest, some minor squabbles, some social one-upmanship between the families. Gradually the helpers drift away and the happy couple are left, holding hands a little shyly, to look back at what has been achieved.

In the second play Uncle Arthur, established in the first as a generous, likeable tosspot, is dead. The family are returning from the funeral. There is tentative discussion of the propriety of having a drink – but 'Arthur would have wished it'; and respectable shock over the appearance at the funeral of May, the woman Uncle Arthur has been living with for eight years. A difficult poise is achieved between respectful gloom and the sense of occasion inseparable from best suits, whisky and port. May enters, laying claim to being a member of the family; a few sparks fly, soon damped by the general anxiety to avoid unpleasantness; a new feeling of generosity, acceptance is born. The mood here is valedictory, philosophical, warmly consolidatory. Marriage is an opening-up, a time for new alignments. Death demands a closing of the ranks.

If we are content, for once, to ask for no more formal progression than the authors here provide, this 'evening at the theatre' can hardly be faulted. It has all the *Billy Liar* qualities: precision of observation and gentleness; a warm, zoological attitude towards peculiarities of character and prejudice and an acceptance of them as an essential part of group living. I doubt if I have ever seen such excellent acting outside London. I have frequently seen worse inside. Val May's directing, in which he keeps 14 characters moving meaningfully on a small stage without prejudice to the ebb and flow of the dialogue, is a small masterpiece of timing and forethought. The Nottingham first-night audience, rocking with laughter as they recognised some wicked caricature in every role, loved it; and so, once I had got over expecting something to happen, did I.

For the lack of unity, rhythm and vitality in the Old Vic production of *Henry IV – Part I* it is difficult to apportion blame. In a play which needs at least three outstanding performances, this company offers only one: John Stride, proving that his Romeo was no fluke, plays Prince Hal with a full understanding both of his high-spirited tavern-romping and of the sense of destiny which underlies it. The rest of the cast, save for Gerald James's Glendower and Gwen Watford's Lady Percy, were a disappointment at every level. Timothy O'Brien's wooden ramps and hanging arches do nothing, despite the naive programme note, to cope with the rapid mood-changing which the play demands. And Denis Vance's directing is, to put it mildly, monotonous.

And what is one to say of the enigma at the Mermaid Theatre, where Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* is being slowly, grindingly murdered by the man every theatre-minded person most loves and admires? I cannot criticise this production. It is the wrong play in the wrong theatre, wrongly cast and wrongly set. To itemise each failure would be as agonising as it was to sit through the play.

Performing Doves

ANNABEL FARJEON

The new Royal ballet, *Les Deux Pigeons*, is a sentimental piece of pseudo-Victorianism. An artist is painting his young lady, who grows bored and fidgety. Her visiting friends finally spoil the sitting, which puts the fellow in a paddy. Some gipsies being seen from the balcony, they are called up to soothe the frayed young tempers with a jolly dance; but the result is disastrous, for the artist immediately attaches himself to a gipsy girl and Miss Pigeon has now real cause for annoyance. The next scene moves to the gipsy camp, where the villainess is playing off the artist against her lover. The situation ends with Master Pigeon being mashed up by the boys, after which he moons off with some silly, symbolical ropes on his wrists. A dove now flops on to the stage, reminding him that it would be wiser to go back to the old love.

It is altogether a bad scenario, but quite capably managed by both cast and choreographer. The performing doves, on the other hand, look embarrassed. They are not natural actors, though they try hard. They stutter about the Covent Garden stage, uncertain of which way to go, like inexperienced dancers who have forgotten what step comes next. I remembered the feeling vividly and sympathised.

But it is tiresome that Frederick Ashton should fritter his talent on such mush, and on a style of choreography that leaves such a minute hole for the imagination. He is merely repeating himself here. There is, as ever, the marvellously satisfying, lyrical *pas de deux*, and the lively, conventional use of a large *corps de ballet*. There is such an expert polish to his work it seems mean to complain.

But watching such a ballet, it also seems no wonder that the Covent Garden audience is

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so middle-aged, so old. What else can be expected if the ballets are composed of outmoded traditions that have no stimulation or interest for young people. The costumes and decor, by Jaques Dupont, are also expert, but again they are repetitions of shapes and colour effects that have been seen too often. Only in the female gipsy chorus was one surprised: the skirts are composed of a mass of little tufts of colour, that shake and swirl in waves of brilliance.

Christopher Gable and Lynn Seymour are both sweet in their lovey-dovey tantrums and reunions. Lynn Seymour dances so softly, so accurately and so youthfully, always poised as though on the verge of flight. This couple is especially endearing, because each has a very definite individuality. On the other hand Elizabeth Anderton and Robert Mead, as the gipsy lovers, lack character. They are ciphers dancing, who seem unable in this instance to project their suffering or their happiness in any terms but those learnt by rote.

This is the chief problem for so many of the Royal Ballet dancers: their performances mean little because they interpret without genuine emotion. This is why the heart of the audience goes out to the new young couple: we are desperately thirsting for originality, not conformity.

The Long and the Short and the Tall, at the Plaza

The Facts of Life, at the Odeon

That Willis Hall's play about seven men trapped in the jungle war – itself like a knot in wood – should have been expanded to make a thoroughly bad film is indeed a chance missed; and it is curious that while Lindsay Anderson brought life with a cinematic touch to the stage production, the screen version should be both stagey and filmic. Never for one moment does the studio-lit jungle convince. Mules are deployed, rain is brought on, there's a tree of baboons and a leopard; and with suspense frittered away, the cast have to overact. Laurence Harvey's contentious Cockney breaks out into actor's imitations, Richard Todd is too manfully starring, and even the Jap prisoner of the stage production looks like a dug-out antique since we're shown a platoon of smooth young Japanese. Though much of the text has been kept – and added to – we have always to be reminding ourselves of the bite of the words spoken.

This year's Royal Film Performance brings us a comedy of middle-aged romance so sleek and thin, so very spun-out that only the charm of Bob Hope and Lucille Ball – the one not having made a funny film for years, the other no film at all – successfully keep it going. With spectacles off and on, damping weather, the motel difficulty, adultery isn't achieved; nor, it must be admitted, is very much else.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,618 **Set by Tom Brown**

A recent *Panorama* programme revealed the existence of a pre-11-plus cramming school, geared to the production of members of the Meritocracy. The usual prizes are offered for an essay by one of the pupils, entitled 'What I Want to Be When I Grow Up'. Limit 120 words; entries by 7 March.

Result of No. 1,615

Set by Maurice Richardson

A psychoanalyst defined dirt as 'matter in the wrong place'. The usual prizes are offered for equally succinct and non-emotive definitions of any three of the Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy, Sloth.

Report

This was a distinctly popular competition. Entries included several psychoanalytical treatises, too long to publish, from points as far apart as Hong Kong and South Kensington. At first I thought the standard was going to be high but I had forgotten how dry and concise the model was. Pride, Sloth and Lust were the first three sins, with Envy, Covetousness and Gluttony bunched together. 'Le Chat' refused to be succinct but is original:

> It should explain everything when I tell you that Lord Bracknell and I spent our honeymoon in Anger – on the Loire.
>
> Of Pride I never speak, except in the company of lions.
>
> Sloth may be decorative or redundant, it is a question of toes.

I suggest half a guinea each to the following.

PRIDE: Uninhibited appreciation of one's own worth.
COVETOUSNESS: Uninhibited appreciation of another's possessions.
LUST: Uninhibited appreciation of the other sex.

Barbara Smoker

LUST: Love in a shiny mackintosh.
GLUTTONY: Oral Sadism come-of-age.
ENVY: Masochist's Id in raptures.

Oliver Hunter

SLOTH: Refusal to keep up with the Joneses.
GLUTTONY: Preoccupation with the quantitive.
COVETOUSNESS: Sykes's disease.

H.R.

GLUTTONY: Palate fixation.
PRIDE: Ego fixation.
ENVY: Other fixation.

Jane Lambiri

LUST: Wedlock bedrock.
ANGER: Looking back with adrenalin.
SLOTH: Ants are in an antidote.

Stanley J. Sharpless

PRIDE: Overcorrection of underesteem.
COVETOUSNESS: Takeover-bid wish in the overtaken.
LUST: Urge to unparsonified MF-linkmanship.

J. A. Lindon

PRIDE: Self-respect in an acquisitive society.
COVETOUSNESS: Self-respect in a competitive society.
ANGER: Self-respect in a planned society.

R. S. Harrison

PRIDE: Honesty in snobbery.
ENVY: Ambition without energy.
SLOTH: Surrender to glandular deficiency.

Ruff

LUST: A gutter-shaped leech.
GLUTTONY: Myopic orifice.
ENVY: A green squint.

Jan Summerson

COVETOUSNESS: Desire in overdrive.
GLUTTONY: Appetite with amnesia.
LUST: Desire with twin carburettors and no brakes.

Ken Geering

City Lights

TAURUS

Odhams is taking an unconscionable time dying. Last week the chairman seemed to have made his last, feeble effort to fight off the *Mirror*, stigmatising its bid as undesirable in the public interest and promising to raise his dividend from 17½ to 37½ per cent if it failed. Mr Thomson was still saying nothing, but his silence had ceased to be interesting; the market quietly ignored the Odhams dividend proposal and waited for the *Mirror* to increase its bid by the very little needed to finish the matter off.

It then became known that Odhams was to issue another statement. What more could there be to say? The statement was delayed: surely this could only mean that discussions were still going on and that Mr Thomson was not yet done with? The *Mirror*, at any rate, decided to wait, thus allowing time for Mr Martell, the editor of the *New Daily*, to circulate Odhams stockholders suggesting a referendum on the question whether they would be ready to turn down the *Mirror* bid if satisfied that the majority were willing to wait for the report of the Royal Commission to appear.

But the Odhams statement, when it appeared, produced an effect of complete anticlimax: it proved to be no more than an attempt by Rothschilds to set out the comparative profit records of Odhams and the *Mirror* in a less tendentious form than the chairman of Odhams had used a week before.

The *Mirror* waited no longer. It immediately raised its bid, and by more than anyone had expected: instead of 4½ *Mirror* shares, Odhams holders are now offered five *Mirror* shares and 5s in cash – enough to make their shares worth all but twice the price at which they stood a few weeks ago before the whole thing began; the further rise in Odhams profit for 1960 which the chairman mentioned in his circular last week has enabled the *Mirror* to increase its bid without in any way watering its earnings.

Together with its new bid, which was quite capable of standing alone, the *Mirror* issued a long counterblast to the Odhams chairman. It argued that the *Mirror* had proved a much better company in which to invest than had

COMPANY MEETING

NORTHERN DAIRIES LIMITED

A YEAR OF FURTHER PROGRESS

Mr A. S. Horsley presided at the 12th Annual General Meeting of Northern Dairies Limited held in Hull on 17 February. The following are extracts from his circulated statement:—

Year	Trading Profit £	Net Profit £
1960	710,453	273,706
1959	610,585	240,151
1958	494,269	181,499
1957	429,593	167,119

Only a minor part of the increased profit is due to post acquisition profits from new Companies. We can expect a much greater contribution given a full year. Last year I forecast that we should have £1 million in our cash flow within three years. This position should be achieved even more quickly without recourse to a Rights Issue.

Dual Distribution

The Board has given serious attention to the retention of profits, and feel the Shareholder should have some option. A bonus issue of Ordinary Shares in the ratio of one to every twenty is proposed. Thus the Shareholder may retain the increased number of shares, or sell them, leaving his original number intact. It is hoped to continue this dual method of distribution. With this in mind the final dividend is kept at 6% making 10% for the year. From a national point of view this means more profits retained in industry and used to increase productivity. Failure to do this is one main reason for Britain lagging behind other countries in economic expansion.

Record Growth

Since our last Annual Report the following have become fully integrated subsidiaries:—Donaldson's Ltd, Middlesbrough; Seaby's Dairies Ltd and Anderton's Dairies Ltd, Northampton; C. Summerfield & Sons, Ltd, Irthlingborough and Loughborough Dairies Ltd. This is the greatest expansion made in any year and our other dairies have almost everywhere shown increased gallonage and profits. Our increase in retail sales reflects the energy of retail managers and staff. Manufacturing figures have reached a new peak and cream sales have also increased by about 40%. Due to the development of soft ice cream, we have sold more ices this year than ever before, despite the shocking summer. We believe there will be a heavy swing towards the freshly made soft ice cream and are planning accordingly.

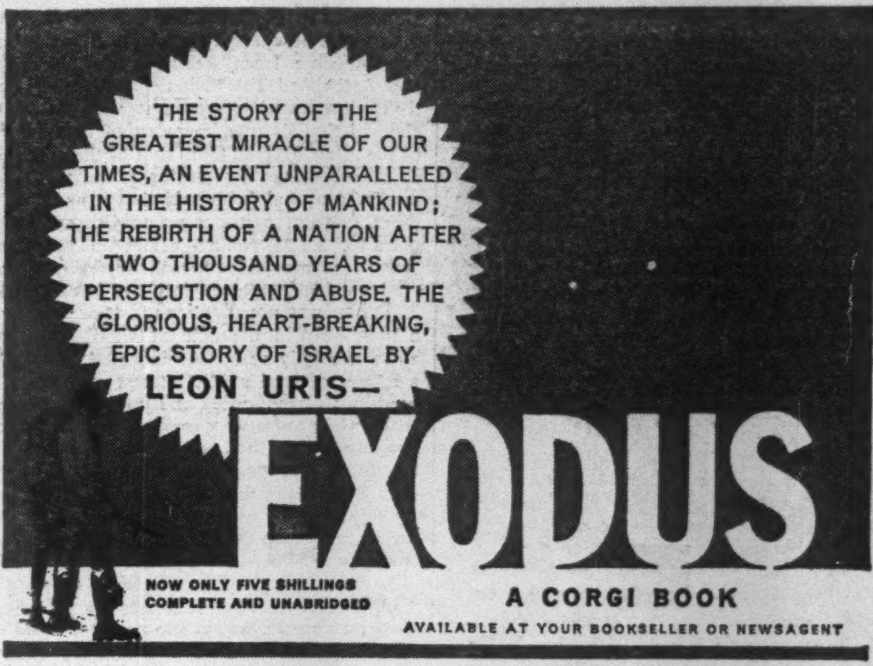
Armaments and Poverty

I have referred previously to the futility of preparing weapons for world destruction. Few business men have joined me in this protest but it must come if the world is to survive. My recent visit to the Middle East showed me that poverty and unemployment are usually the consequences of lack of capital. How much better and safer the world would be if we utilised our capital for saner purposes rather than adding bombs to our sterile pile.

The Future

With the addition of Mr J. W Shearman and Mr J. C. Wheatley to the Board, we feel we have adequate strength to make substantial steps forward which will, for the most part, be in the dairy trade but other diversification is not excluded. We enter the second quarter of the financial year confident of further progress.

The report and accounts were adopted, following thanks by the chairman to all members of the staff for the year's work.



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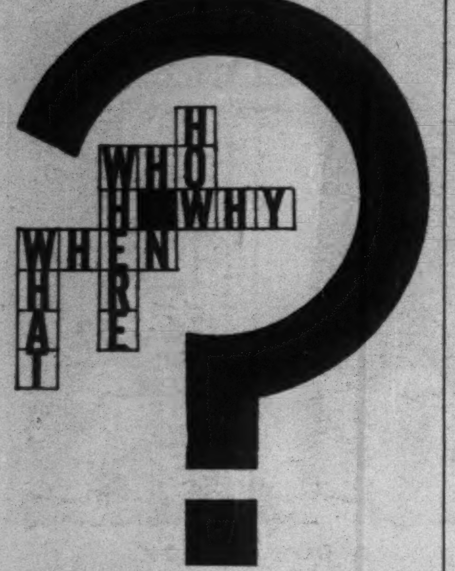

Down: 1. WHAT is covered by the 5-year Plan for the Highlands? (see Keesing's 16900 B).
2. WHERE was a change made in Moslem Marriage Laws? (see Keesing's 17448 C).
3. HOW were the Waters of the Indus divided in 1960? (see Keesing's 17655 A).

Across: 1. WHO is President of the new Republic of Senegal? (see Keesing's 17685 A).
2. WHY did Nat. Union of Journalists take disciplinary action? (see Keesing's 17282 C).
3. WHEN was the United States steel strike? (see Keesing's 17201 A).

SOLUTION:
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Odhams and that the fact that the *Mirror* dividend is now largely paid out of its investment income from Reed, *Sunday Pictorial* and Associated TeleVision, justifies the relatively low earnings cover it will enjoy. It claimed that its own memory of the history of the affair differed from that of the Odhams directors – it had no warning of the Thomson merger proposal (who said that it had?) and the £10m figure it put up to Odhams as a price for the *Mirror* magazines was only tentative (the merger proposal, however, which frightened off Odhams into the arms of Mr Thomson was not mentioned). It argued that a monopoly in the field of women's magazines, the only real issue involved, is hardly a matter of vital public interest and that the questions of monopoly and public interest of which Odhams is now making so much were not raised when the two groups were privately discussing the possibility of rationalisation. And it repeated that it was ready to sell off both the *People* and the *Herald* to the right buyer or to keep the *Herald* going for at least seven years.

So there we are. The *Mirror* is offering a high price – so high that there is little that Odhams can do, within the accepted rules of the game, to defend itself unaided. It may well prove high enough to deter Mr Thomson, who is said to value his pocket even more highly than his face.

But in the press jungle nothing can be certain when the public interest and personal rivalries are mixed up with business. Odhams stockholders have no reason to complain of the delay; other people in the City are getting slightly bored.

* * *

The government sold off the equity of most steel companies to its supporters some years ago, with results which have proved highly satisfactory to both sides. It has now finally got round to the less glamorous business of selling off the debentures and Preference shares. The big institutional investors of the City have agreed to collaborate, at a price, and twelve stocks will be offered for sale at £85m next week. The insurance companies and pension funds have been getting ready for the operation for months past, they are to be given eight further months in which to put up the money, and there is little danger that this penultimate act of denationalisation will result in drunk or disorderly markets. It comes at a time, however, when gilt-edged are showing their first sign of real life for months past.

The institutional investors have been intelligently fed with the suggestion that Grandma has revised her dogmatic ideas about funding and will no longer insist on killing the market with boredom: convinced that the price of medium-dated stocks may now be allowed to rise slowly, they have been buying vigorously. It would be interesting to know how far this change in official policy is due to a simple realisation that the old policy was wrong-headed and how far to a wish to get the steel prior charges sold off and to ensure that trustees, a slow-moving race, do not take too rapid advantage of their freedom to switch into equities when the government finally gets its Trustee Bill into a form which the average trustee can understand.

Company News

English Electric, with some sections doing better and others worse, has reported gross profits 5½ per cent lower but net profits little changed: the dividend is held at ten per cent.

Alfred Herbert, the largest machine tool firm, has increased its profit by more than a third and raised its dividend from seven to 8½ per cent tax free.

Following the withdrawal of the Cotton-Clore bid for *City of London Real Property*, the largest shareholder in CLRP has resigned from the board.

Hoover's last dividend was generously covered, and higher exports have helped to offset the recession at home: the dividend is maintained, though profits have fallen from £11m to £6½m.

The issue of *Jaeger* shares was heavily stagged – nearly 40 times over-subscribed.

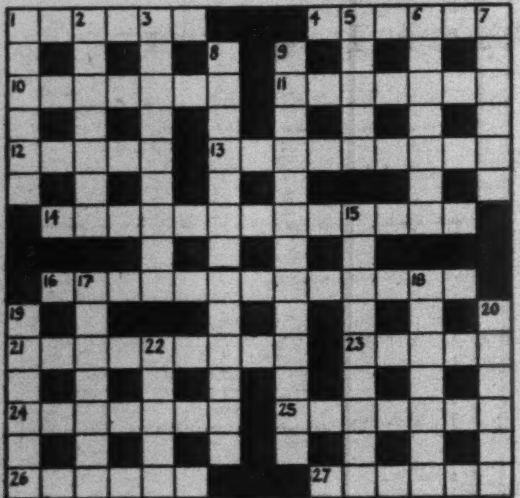
Ralli Brothers, commodity merchants and bankers, is to get a cash bid of £5½m.

Thornycroft, the shipbuilders, which has sold off its lorry business to ACV for £1m and a block of ACV shares, is to use the cash to repay prior charge stock and to distribute the ACV shares to its shareholders: it will still be left with an embarrassing amount of cash, and a further distribution is not impossible.

Schroders, which took over Helbert, Wagg during the year, is raising its dividend from six to 7½ per cent.

Week-end Crossword 446

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 446, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 7 March.



ACROSS

1. It is plain one parent is married with others (6).
4. Caught in front of the light in the curve of the road (6).
10. Drink which is all right for the road-user (7).
11. Former pupils preserve the unknown (7).
12. Behind the river the tree would look brighter (5).
13. The officer puts the disadvantages before the board (9).
14. Perhaps if careers be of secretaries etc. (13).
16. Secretaries give various strangers hope (13).
21. A rat, I am caught between the gang and a bird (9).
23. How a clergyman burns when beheaded (5).
24. Town with victory celebration in the centre? (7).
25. Russian with an island to plunder (7).
26. The wisest saint is full of years (6).
27. Shrubs for 14 (6).

DOWN

1. Sets up under a good weapon (6).
2. Part of the body which puts the doctor and me into a bad mood (7).
3. I am in agreement on the instrument (9).
5. Advantage of putting a girl up (5).
6. Weep for the fat (7).
7. Pulled in the line when the fish entered the colour (6).
8. Saffrons, for example (7, 6).
9. Fighting back with the adder at the food (13).
15. Listens to in actual practice (9).
17. Mountaineer taking the strain (7).
18. Give a fresh account as the others had a meal (7).
19. Sinks bachelors in rising water (6).
20. 'Thy words are like a cloud of winged ——' (Shelley) (6).
22. With an effort this river may be made to work (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 444

H	A	B	I	T	A	T	■	B	R	E	A	S	T	S
U	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	R	■	R	■	P	■	T
N	A	S	A	L	■	S	T	A	G	E	D	O	O	R
D	■	T	■	L	■	T	■	N	■	B	■	R	■	I
R	H	O	M	B	S	■	A	D	J	U	S	T	E	D
E	■	W	■	O	■	G	■	Y	■	S	■	■	■	E
D	A	I	L	Y	P	R	E	S	S	■	A	C	T	S
■	■	N	■	S	■	E	■	N	■	P	■	A	■	■
F	I	G	S	■	M	E	T	A	C	A	R	P	A	L
L	■	■	■	I	■	N	■	P	■	L	■	R	■	I
A	B	S	I	N	T	H	E	■	B	E	R	I	N	G
P	■	I	■	V	■	O	■	N	■	F	■	C	■	H
P	E	R	S	E	C	U	T	E	■	A	B	O	U	T
E	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	W	■	C	■	R	■	E
R	O	S	E	T	T	E	■	S	T	E	R	N	E	R

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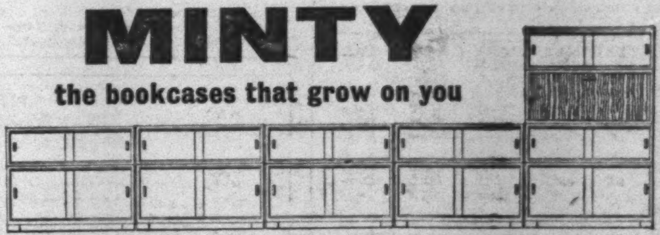

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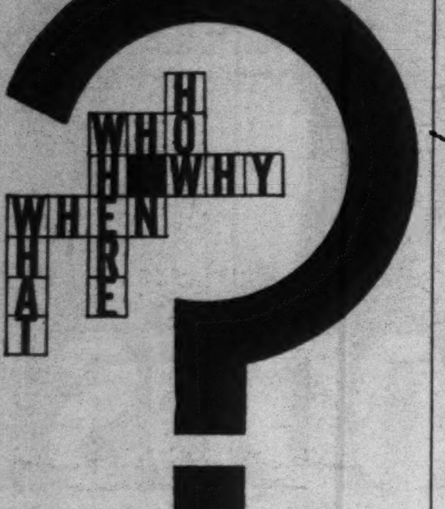

Down: 1. WHAT is covered by the 5-year Plan for the Highlands? (see Keesing's 16900 B).
2. WHERE was a change made in Moslem Marriage Laws? (see Keesing's 17448 C).
3. HOW were the Waters of the Indus divided in 1960? (see Keesing's 17655 A).

Across: 1. WHO is President of the new Republic of Senegal? (see Keesing's 17685 A).
2. WHY did Nat. Union of Journalists take disciplinary action? (see Keesing's 17282 C).
3. WHEN was the United States steel strike? (see Keesing's 17201 A).

SOLUTION:
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Odhams and that the fact that the *Mirror* dividend is now largely paid out of its investment income from Reed, *Sunday Pictorial* and Associated TeleVision, justifies the relatively low earnings cover it will enjoy. It claimed that its own memory of the history of the affair differed from that of the Odhams directors – it had no warning of the Thomson merger proposal (who said that it had?) and the £10m figure it put up to Odhams as a price for the *Mirror* magazines was only tentative (the merger proposal, however, which frightened off Odhams into the arms of Mr Thomson was not mentioned). It argued that a monopoly in the field of women's magazines, the only real issue involved, is hardly a matter of vital public interest and that the questions of monopoly and public interest of which Odhams is now making so much were not raised when the two groups were privately discussing the possibility of rationalisation. And it repeated that it was ready to sell off both the *People* and the *Herald* to the right buyer or to keep the *Herald* going for at least seven years.

So there we are. The *Mirror* is offering a high price – so high that there is little that Odhams can do, within the accepted rules of the game, to defend itself unaided. It may well prove high enough to deter Mr Thomson, who is said to value his pocket even more highly than his face.

But in the press jungle nothing can be certain when the public interest and personal rivalries are mixed up with business. Odhams stockholders have no reason to complain of the delay; other people in the City are getting slightly bored.

* * *

The government sold off the equity of most steel companies to its supporters some years ago, with results which have proved highly satisfactory to both sides. It has now finally got round to the less glamorous business of selling off the debentures and Preference shares. The big institutional investors of the City have agreed to collaborate, at a price, and twelve stocks will be offered for sale at £85m next week. The insurance companies and pension funds have been getting ready for the operation for months past, they are to be given eight further months in which to put up the money, and there is little danger that this penultimate act of denationalisation will result in drunk or disorderly markets. It comes at a time, however, when gilt-edged are showing their first sign of real life for months past.

The institutional investors have been intelligently fed with the suggestion that Grandma has revised her dogmatic ideas about funding and will no longer insist on killing the market with boredom: convinced that the price of medium-dated stocks may now be allowed to rise slowly, they have been buying vigorously. It would be interesting to know how far this change in official policy is due to a simple realisation that the old policy was wrong-headed and how far to a wish to get the steel prior charges sold off and to ensure that trustees, a slow-moving race, do not take too rapid advantage of their freedom to switch into equities when the government finally gets its Trustee Bill into a form which the average trustee can understand.

Company News

English Electric, with some sections doing better and others worse, has reported gross profits 5½ per cent lower but net profits little changed: the dividend is held at ten per cent.

Alfred Herbert, the largest machine tool firm, has increased its profit by more than a third and raised its dividend from seven to 8½ per cent tax free.

Following the withdrawal of the Cotton-Clore bid for *City of London Real Property*, the largest shareholder in CLRP has resigned from the board.

Hoover's last dividend was generously covered, and higher exports have helped to offset the recession at home: the dividend is maintained, though profits have fallen from £11m to £6½m.

The issue of *Jaeger* shares was heavily stagged – nearly 40 times over-subscribed.

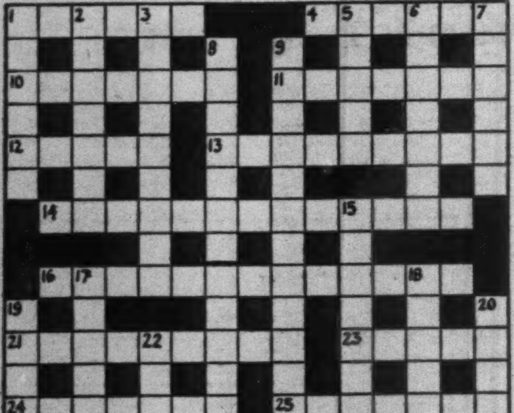
Ralli Brothers, commodity merchants and bankers, is to get a cash bid of £5¼m.

Thornycroft, the shipbuilders, which has sold off its lorry business to ACV for £1m and a block of ACV shares, is to use the cash to repay prior charge stock and to distribute the ACV shares to its shareholders: it will still be left with an embarrassing amount of cash, and a further distribution is not impossible.

Schroders, which took over Helbert, Wagg during the year, is raising its dividend from six to 7½ per cent.

Week-end Crossword 446

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 446, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 7 March.



ACROSS

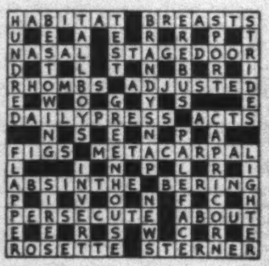
1. It is plain one parent is married with others (6).
4. Caught in front of the light in the curve of the road (6).
10. Drink which is all right for the road-user (7).
11. Former pupils preserve the unknown (7).
12. Behind the river the tree would look brighter (5).
13. The officer puts the disadvantages before the board (9).
14. Perhaps if careers be of secretaries etc. (13).
16. Secretaries give various strangers hope (13).
21. A rat, I am caught between the gang and a bird (9).
23. How a clergyman burns when beheaded (5).
24. Town with victory celebration in the centre? (7).
25. Russian with an island to plunder (7).
26. The wisest saint is full of years (6).
27. Shrubs for 14 (6).

DOWN

1. Sets up under a good weapon (6).
2. Part of the body which puts the doctor and me into a bad mood (7).
3. I am in agreement on the instrument (9).
5. Advantage of putting a girl up (5).
6. Weep for the fat (7).
7. Pulled in the line when the fish entered the colour (6).
8. Saffrons, for example (7, 6).
9. Fighting back with the adder at the food (13).
15. Listens to in actual practice (9).
17. Mountaineer taking the strain (7).
18. Give a fresh account as the others had a meal (7).
19. Sinks bachelors in rising water (6).
20. 'Thy words are like a cloud of winged ——' (Shelley) (6).
22. With an effort this river may be made to work (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 444



H	A	B	I	T	A	T		B	R	E	A	S	T	S
U		E		A		E		R		R		P		T
N	A	S	A	L		S	T	A	G	E	D	O	O	R
D		T		L		T		N		B		R		I
R	H	O	M	B	S		A	D	J	U	S	T	E	D
E		W		O		G		Y		S				E
D	A	I	L	Y	P	R	E	S	S		A	C	T	S
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F	I	G	S		M	E	T	A	C	A	R	P	A	L
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P	E	R	S	E	C	U	T	E		A	B	O	U	T
E		E		R		S		W		C		R		E
R	O	S	E	T	T	E		S	T	E	R	N	E	R

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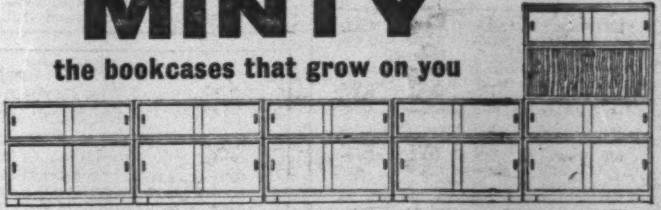

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The Chess Board

No. 589. Stern Disciplinarian

After the San Sebastian tournament of 1911 someone asked Tarrasch if, on the way home to Nuremberg, he would break the journey at Paris, to enjoy himself for a day or two. The '*praeceptor Germanae*' seemed to consider the question almost an insult. 'Had I won a prize,' he said, 'I might feel like having earned some such relaxation. Actually, I shall travel straight home. I have to punish myself.'

The winner, most surprisingly, was a youth called José Raoul Capablanca and practically unknown in Europe before that tournament. The second and third prize was shared by Rubinstein and Vidmar; Marshall was fourth while the great Tarrasch wasn't in the prize-list at all, sharing such calamity with Nimzowitsch, Schlechter, Maroczy, Duras and other masters near their zenith at that time. Vidmar's success seemed almost as surprising as young Capablanca's; and in his recently published memoirs (see No. 587) Vidmar has much to say about such early recollections. An entire chapter is devoted to the awe-inspiring Dr Tarrasch who, having been duly petitioned by young Vidmar, had sponsored his admission to the Premier tournament in the German Chess Federation's 1906 Congress. In the first three rounds the young student from Ljubljana scored a mere ½-point, and he was duly overawed when in the fourth round he sat opposite the great Tarrasch, his revered master and teacher. Let's have no fake suspense. Vidmar won the game. He still considers it the best he ever played, which is one more reason for digging it out of its unmerited obscurity.

1) P-Q4, P-Q4; 2) P-QB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-QB3, P-QB4 [What else should the great man play? This was the heyday of his very own defence of the QG]; 4) P-K3, Kt-KB3; 5) Kt-KB3, Kt-B3; 6) P-QR3 ['A timid effort', says Vidmar, 'to gain some initiative by PxBP, followed by P-QKt4 and B-Kt2'], PxQP ['Obviously', he continues, 'the master would not allow his disciple to lead him.' And then he explains how Tarrasch's subsequent insistence on training all his guns on the isolated White QP was prompted by his superiority complex vis-a-vis a pupil, rather than his principles. It was Tarrasch's own dictum that the isolated pawn can be a source of 'dynamic' strength rather than weakness; hence, Vidmar modestly concludes that the master in this game was beaten by a violation of his own principles]; 7) KPxP, B-K2; 8) B-B4, 0-0; 9) R-B1, PxP; 10) BxP, Q-Kt3; 11) 0-0 [Obviously, the KtP is taboo on account of the Q-catch by Kt-Kt5], P-QR3; 12) P-QKt4, Q-R2; 13) Q-Q3, R-Q1; 14) KR-Q1, Kt-Q4 [In his own notes Tarrasch gives this move a question mark and says he should have played for a draw by . . . B-Q2. The object of the move, of course, was to bring the Black KB to an additional attack on the isolated QP] 15) B-KKt5! [Forces Black to weaken his K-wing. After this move Vidmar walked around a bit and was quite proud to be approached by L. Hoffer, the famous correspondent of the London *Field*. 'How do you like your game?' asked the journalist. 'Quite well', said Vidmar, whereupon Hoffer told him he had just put the same question to Tarrasch who had told him he didn't like his game at all], P-R3; 16) B-K3, B-B3; 17) Kt-K4, Kt(3)-K2; 18) P-Kt4!, K-B1; 19) P-KR4, Kt-Kt1; 20) P-KKt5, PxP; 21) PxP, B-K2; 22) Kt-K5, P-B3; 23) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-B2; 24) Kt-R8 ch, K-K1; 25) Kt-B5, P-B4 [Forced, as well as his next move]; 26) Q-K2, P-KKt3; 27) KtxKKtP, P-Kt4; 28) BxKt, PxB; 29) Q-R5, BxKt; 30) Kt-K5 ch, K-B1; 31) RxB, Q-KKt2; 32) Kt-Kt6 ch [Vidmar recalls that at this stage the board was surrounded by scores of onlookers, those in the back-rows standing on chairs
tables. He was very nervous indeed], K-B2; 33) R-B7
B-Q2 ['At long last that bishop gets developed', is the ru
comment in Tarrasch's own notes]; 34) Kt-K5 ch, K-K3;
Kt-B6, KR-QB1; 36) B-B4!, Kt-B3; 37) R-K1 ch, Kt-
'Would you agree to a draw, Herr Vidmar?' asked the g
man, but the young fellow was too excited to speak. He
grabbed the Knight; and after a while the Doctor resign
Why he did so is A, the 4-pointer for beginners.

For 6 & 7 ladder-points respectively, **B**, a w
is a bargain; **C**, a draw, is not so easy. A m
picturesque stalemate in the main variati
Usual prizes. Entries by 5 March.

B: L. Mair, 1948: /3b4/8/1p5r/5K1k/R7/8/6P1/

C: K. Runquist, 1959: /16/1R2B2k/4b3/kt7/6p
2p3Pkt/8/.

REPORT on No. 586 .Set 3 February

A: 1) B-R5; 2) B-Q4; 3) B-K3; 4) BxP; 5) P-Kt3 mate.

B: 1) P=B, P=Q; 2) BxQ, Kt-K6; 3) B-R8, Kt-B4; 4) B-
Kt-K6; 5) B-Kt8 and is supposed to win. (But what about
Kt-B7 ch, etc?).

C: 1) Q-R4 ch, P-K5; 2) Q-B6 ch, P-K4; 3) Q-Q8 ch, B-
4) Q-Kt6 ch, P-B4; 5) Q-Kt2 ch, B-B6 mate.

In **B**, of course, White P on h7. So ma
'cures' of the perpetual that the (suitably a
mented) prize-fund is shared by seven: E. All
C. Allen, J. E. Dilley, W. T. Maccall, D. H.
Stallybrass, A. S. Rooker-Roberts, J. D. Tay
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BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE
(London School of Economics, University of London)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, on the scale £750 to £1,300, with promotion subject to an efficiency bar to a scale rising to £1,625. £60 London allowance. FSSU and family allowances.

Candidates must be graduates, with qualifications or special interests in the Social Sciences, Law, or History, and with a good knowledge of languages. Library experience or training is not required, but would be an additional qualification.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Librarian, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, WC2, to whom applications should be sent by 13 March.

THE National Council of Social Service has vacancy in London for Housecraft Teacher (preferably married woman) with interest in social work, as Training Officer for Home Advice Groups. Full-time or part-time. S.a.e. marked 'Housecraft' for further particulars to 4 Gower Street, WC1. Closing date for appointment 20 March.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
Child Care Officer

Applications are invited from women possessing the Home Office Certificate in Child Care or a recognised University Qualification in Social Science, and with experience in the child care field, and a special interest in adoption work, for a post as a child care officer based at the Shire Hall, Nottingham.

Assisted car purchase scheme. Salary within the new Special Scale of £665 to £975 per annum. Application form and further particulars are obtainable from Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

A. R. DAVIS
Clerk of the County Council.

EAST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE
Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER for the BEXHILL Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale.

Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from qualified women preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, for posts of Child Care Officer. Salary within the scale £665-£975.

Application forms from Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 15 March 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

CITY OF LEICESTER CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER

Applications are invited for this important appointment from women who hold Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Social Science Degree or Diploma, and who have had wide experience of work in the child care field.

Duties will be mainly concerned with co-ordination and supervision of the work of the Child Care Staff, advising on case work problems and the training of students. A small case load will be carried, and it is hoped that opportunity will arise for study of special projects.

Salary APT III (£960-£1,140 p.a.). The post is superannuable and subject to a medical examination.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 10 March 1961.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the appointment of Adoptions Officer. The person appointed to be based at County Hall, Taunton, and to be responsible for investigating applications from prospective adopters, placing babies for adoption and other matters connected with a Local Authority's functions under the Adoption Acts. Salary to be in accordance with APT Grade III (£960-£1,140). Ability to drive a car is essential and a car can be provided.

Letters of application giving age, qualifications, experience, present and previous appointments, together with the names and addresses of three referees to be sent as soon as possible to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

PHYSICISTS
IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE
A SCIENTIFIC CAREER SECOND TO NONE

Following are examples of vacancies at SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£738-£1,222) or SENIOR SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£1,342-£1,654) level now available:

ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, Farnborough, Hants. – research on new methods of INERTIAL SPACE REFERENCE for inertial navigation, aimed at achieving a significant advance over the current technique of flotation gyroscopes.

NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY, Teddington, Middlesex – work on static or dynamic properties of HIGH POLYMER materials.

ADMIRALTY UNDERWATER WEAPONS ESTABLISHMENT, Portland, Dorset – research in UNDERWATER NOISE and signal intensity measurements. Requires experience in ELECTRONICS, interest in ACOUSTICS and some knowledge of digital analysis, vibration theory, or spectrum analysis.

ARMAMENT RESEARCH and DEVELOPMENT ESTABLISHMENT, Fort Halstead, Sevenoaks, Kent – basic investigations of OPTICAL SYSTEMS in INFRA-RED and PHOTOGRAPHIC OPTICS.

There are many other vacancies in PHYSICS, ENGINEERING and most other scientific disciplines. All posts carry a pension. Good promotion prospects. Full particulars from Civil Service Commission, (Scientific Branch), 17 North Audley Street, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitab
qualified persons for two vacancies
Child Care Officer. Successful cand
dates will be appointed to one of th
Area Offices in the County and the
are situated at Taunton, Yeovi
Weston-super-Mare and Midsom
Norton (near Bath). Salary depende
upon qualifications and experience
appropriate point on the Speci
Scale. Applicants holding the Hom
Office Child Care Certificate will co
mence at not less than £820 per annu
Ability to drive a car is essential and
car can be provided.

Letters of application giving a
qualifications, experience and pr
vious appointments, together with th
names and addresses of three refere
to be sent as soon as possible to th
Children's Officer, County Ha
Taunton.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
Children's Department
Child Care Officer

Applications are invited for appoin
ment of Child Care Officer in th
metropolitan area, salary within th
scale £665-£975. Candidates shou
have the Home Office Certificate
Child Care, or a university qualific
tion in Social Science with experien
in the child care field. Commenci
salary not less than £820 for holder
Child Care Certificate.

Applications giving particulars of ag
education, qualifications and expe
ience, and names and addresses of tw
referees, should reach the Children
Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsfor
not later than 6 March 1961.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM –
PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT
Psychiatric Social and Family Care
Service

Interesting vacancies exist for traine
social caseworkers in the further dev
lopment of the above service. The wo
includes mental health community ca
and work with problem families.

Salary scale which is under review is
present APT I (£665-£835 per annu
or APT II (£815-£960 per annum)
accordance with qualifications a
experience. Minimum qualifications
Certificate or Diploma in Social Scienc
Preference will be given to candidat
with mental health or generic trainin
Medical examination. Superannuati
scheme.

Applications to the Medical Officer
Health, Council House, Congre
Street, Birmingham, 3.

Further information from Mr
Marrington, Chief Assistant, Ps
chiatric Social and Family Care Sectio
76 City Road, Birmingham, 16.

DARTINGTON Hall School, To
Wanted for September a group tea
(woman) for 10-year-olds. The post is
dent and preference will be given to a
cants who can help with general phy
activities in the Middle School (10 to
Apply to Principals with full details.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD – CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

HOUSE STAFF (female – resident) are required at 'Moorside', a new experimental Approved School for senior girls run on the small group system. The girls live in cottages in the grounds, and a member of the House Staff will be in charge of a cottage housing seven girls. The school is situated in beautiful surroundings within five miles of the centre of Sheffield.

Salary scale £625 – £725 less emoluments of £120 p.a. Six weeks holiday: good off duty.

Write for further details to The Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

NEWCASTLE GENERAL HOSPITAL

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Psychologist (whole-time) required for the above department, which is associated with King's College Medical School, University of Durham, and is part of the Professorial Unit of Psychological Medicine.

The post is in the basic grade and the appointment may be made either on the probationary or post-probationary scale according to the status of the successful candidate.

Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale.

Applications, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 4, from whom any further information can be obtained.

NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE DISTRICT COMMISSIONERS

6 or more pensionable posts for men or women at least 21 on 1.3.61, preferably with organising ability, knowledge of economics, and experience of public speaking and of working with voluntary workers. University education desirable. Final year students may apply. Starting salary (London) £618 (at 21) to £800 (at 25 or over). Scale maximum £1,470. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 154/61/8. Closing date 14 March 1961.

Anglo-Continental School of English
33 Wimborne Road
BOURNEMOUTH

(Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education)

HOLIDAY COURSES 1961

The above language centre for adult foreign students requires a number of additional Teachers and Lecturers for its summer courses between 3 July and 16 September 1961. Applicants must be prepared to take up their duties on either 3 July or 17 July, and all appointments will terminate on, or shortly before, 16 September.

Applications are invited from the following:

(a) Specialists in direct method English language teaching, including Speech and Conversation specialists.

(b) Specialists who can offer to teach and/or lecture on English Literature (particularly 20th century literature), English History (19th & 20th century), English Life & Institutions, Commerce & Economics in the United Kingdom, and American Life & Institutions.

(c) Linguists (German/French/Italian/Swedish), experienced in teaching English to elementary students.

Experience of working with Continental students will be an advantage, but it is of greater importance for applicants to show evidence of initiative, energy and enthusiasm. Successful applicants may select to teach either 12 or 24 hours each week, special lectures being given in addition to this programme and there being opportunities for additional employment if required. The positions are well remunerated and assistance is offered in finding accommodation in Bournemouth. Preference will always be given to male applicants, except in the case of Speech and Conversation specialists.

Applications, together with a recent photograph, should state qualifications and relevant experience, and should be addressed to Richard S. Davis, above. All applications will be answered during March, and interviews will be arranged later in Bournemouth and London.

TWO women lecturers Madras Mission Colleges. (1) English (2) History. 1st or 2nd class Hons. with experience. Apply: Taffs, 16 Church Crescent, N10.

BBC requires two Assistants in School Publications Editorial Department. Post (a): Duties comprise layout and design (including some proof correction) of School Broadcasting pamphlets, which cover wide range of educational subjects. Good working knowledge of printing methods and some practical experience of typographical design and production of art work required. Salary £800 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,025 max. p.a. Post (b): Duties comprise marking up copy for printers and preparation of layouts and finished artwork to agreed designs for School Broadcasting pamphlets which cover wide range of educational subjects. Training in typographical design and production of artwork for printing processes essential. Salary £675 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £875 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.64 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days. Please indicate post applied for.

BBC requires Bulgarian Monitor (based at Caversham, near Reading). Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Bulgarian, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Knowledge of other languages an advantage. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range of £1,095-£1,370 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.68. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Sports Assistant in Cardiff to be responsible for assisting Sports Organiser, Wales, in co-ordination of Television and Sound sports coverage in Wales. Duties include production of discussions and magazine-type sports programmes of all kinds. Some knowledge of and interest in sports of all kinds is expected, and knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.72 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1 within five days.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Professor of French. Applications are invited for the abovementioned appointment. The appointee will be required to act as Head of the Department of Modern Languages. His own main teaching duties will be in the French language. The salary will be at the rate of £2,800 per annum. For a person appointed from overseas salary commences as from date of sailing. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 March 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for a post at the grade of Assistant Lecturer in Economics (with special reference to Industry) in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary scale £800 x £50 to £950 per annum; membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 25 March 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

MONASH University, Clayton, Victoria, Australia. Lectureships and Senior Lectureships in Economics. Applications are invited for appointment to Senior Lectureships and Lectureships in Economics. Applicants should possess a degree with honours or an equivalent qualification. It is desired that applicants should have specific qualifications and interests in one or more of the fields of Economics, Economic Statistics and Economic History. The Interim Council has recently appointed to the Chair of Economics Professor Donald Cochrane of the University of Melbourne. It is the University's intention to establish and maintain conditions favourable to the prosecution of research by all academic staff members. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer £A2,480/100/2,950; Lecturer £A1,660/100/2,360; with provision for superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary will be fixed within the scale in relation to a successful candidate's qualifications and experience. General conditions of appointment (including details of the provisions made for travelling expenses, study leave, tenure, etc.) may be had from the Registrar of the University or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications, in duplicate, and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should be lodged with the Registrar of the University not later than 27 March 1961. An applicant resident elsewhere than in Australia or New Zealand should also send one copy of his application to the Secretary, AUBC, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. F. H. Johnson, Registrar.

THE University College of Sierra Leone (Fourah Bay College). Applications are invited for (A) Chair and (B) Senior Lectureship in Economics. Salary scale: (A) £2,500 p.a. (B) £1,700 x 75 – £2,150 p.a., with initial placing according to qualifications and experience. Negotiations are in progress for revision of salary scales. FSSU. Outfit and family allowances (maximum £300). Passages on appointment, annual leave and normal termination. Part-furnished accommodation at reasonable rent. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 31 March 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MAKERERE University College – East Africa. Applications are invited on secondment or permanent terms for the Chairs of (A) Economics and (B) Political Science. Salary: £3,000 p.a. FSSU. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages for appointee and family (up to five adult passages) on appointment, termination and leave (three months every 21 months). Rent according to quarters provided £45-£84 p.a. (including basic furniture). Detailed applications (6 copies) naming three referees, by 20 March 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for pre & after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accomm. & clerical assistance available. Scope for individual interest in this developing field of psychiatric social work, also possibility of learning teaching methods of group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Case work consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for newly qual. PTA quals & salary. Established. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S' 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1 by 29 March. (Quote F.567 NS).

ASSISTANT Youth Leader reqd for open mixed club Marylebone, three nights weekly. References essential. Box 1065.

MANAGEMENT ACCOUNTING IN INDUSTRY

One of Britain's largest and most enterprising Electrical Engineering organisations has vacancies for young, recently qualified Chartered Accountants.

The initial salary will depend on age and experience, but will not be less than £950, and comprehensive training will be given at one or more of the Company's factories to fit successful applicants for the responsible positions they will be required to hold in due course. After a period of training they will be expected to be able to fill positions carrying a salary of the order of £1,300.

You are invited to apply, in strict confidence, giving your age, education and experience (with dates, names of employers and salaries earned) to Box 9878.

ASSISTANT Head of School Broadcasting. Associated-Rediffusion invites application for this post from candidates of not more than 45 years of age. Good academic qualifications; administrative ability and experience of teaching and/or broadcasting or film making are essential. The person appointed will be required to supervise staff in the preparation of television programmes and ancillary publications, for both primary and secondary schools, in a wide variety of subjects and to represent the Company in educational matters. Experience of public speaking would be an advantage. Salary will not be less than £2,000 per annum. Superannuation scheme. The successful candidate will be expected to take up the appointment not later than 1 September 1961. Requests for application forms should reach the Assistant General Manager (Staff), Associated-Rediffusion Ltd, Television House, Kingsway, London, WC2, by 12 March 1961.

LONDON County Council. Fulham County School, Fulham Cross, SW6. (Grammar school for 530 girls). Required in September or earlier, Senior Mathematics Mistress to be responsible for the work throughout the school up to University Scholarship standard (Allowance £330). Apply on forms EO/TS9 (SR) obtainable from the Education Officer (TS2/N/509/2), County Hall, SE1 (s.a.e.f.), and returnable to Headmistress.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Department. Applications are invited from persons with training & exper. for posts as Leaders of Youth Clubs in Willesden. Remuneration 29s. 6d. or 35s. p. evening accdg to quals. Full particulars & application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 6 March. (Quote F 572 NS & N).

DEVON County Council require Psychiatric Social Workers for Child Guidance Service. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the equivalent but students in training may apply. Whitley Council Scales and conditions. Details and application forms, returnable by 14 days after appearance of advert from Principal School Medical Officer, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter.

NORTHAMPTON. The Roadmender Boys' and Girls' Club – with excellent, commodious premises will shortly have vacancies for a full-time Warden/Boys' Club Leader and a full-time Girls' Club Leader. Experience indicates that these posts are best occupied by a married couple. The appointment carries with it a comfortable flat of four rooms plus kitchen, bathroom etc., rent, rates, light and heat free; and a superannuation scheme is available. Salaries will be paid in accordance with experience, age and qualifications, but the Selection Committee would be helped if candidates would indicate the salaries they require. Applications should be sent as soon as possible to: The Hon. Secretary, Eric Beeston, at No. 1a Langham Place, Northampton.

'DUNCROFT', Moor Lane, Staines, Mddx. (Approved School for Senior Girls). Applications are invited for the post of Teacher at the above School which accepts girls of good intelligence in need of psychiatric treatment. Vacancy owing to promotion to Headship. Applicants must be qualified to teach general subjects to 'O' Level. Special interest in English language and literature (small classes). Salary on Burnham Scale according to experience and qualifications. If resident, board/lodging provided at £135 p.a. Application to Correspondent, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

WARDEN (Male or Female) required in late summer for flourishing Social Centre in Lambeth with clubs for all age groups. To work with Youth Club Leader and staff of Infant Welfare Centre. Must be under 45 and preferably have had experience of group work. Imagination and initiative essential and a special interest in the needs of the elderly. Salary £750 per annum with modern self-contained flat. Enquiries and applications with full details and names of two referees to Miss A. B. Read, Head Almoner, St Thomas' Hospital, London, SE1 by 11 March 1961.

MANAGER (m. or f.) wanted to develop experiment in Youth Welfare now in its sixth year. Previous experience of work with young people desirable; also an ability to record life of project and co-operate with research worker. Elephant & Castle area. £800 p.a. Details from Box 960.

RESIDENTIAL Housefather / mother (under 40 years) wanted for group of mentally retarded boys in educational settlement in Berkshire. Box 796.

YWCA of Great Britain requires well educated woman (35/45) to contact firms in connection with the Association's work, particularly schemes for girls in industry. Experience in public relations & appeal work essential. 6 weeks holiday. Pension Scheme. Salary according to experience. Apply National General Secretary, 108 Baker St, London, W1.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes. Wanted for summer term or longer, assistant housemother in Senior School. The post would be suitable for a student wishing to make use of generous free time. Apply to Principals with full details.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

EXPERIMENTAL Youth Project (London). Qualified woman social worker (28-40 yrs) reqd April. Salary £800 p.a. Write stating quals & experience. Box 1099.

SECOND Chance for Women – education, for personal development, purposeful leisure, responsible employment. One-year residential course for women over 20. English Language and Literature, Economics, History, Psychology, etc. (Accepted preparation for professional training in teaching and social work). Recognized by Ministry of Education. No examinations. Grants available – apply at once. Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

MAYFAIR School reqs Teacher part/full-time English for Foreigners. Experience in Cambridge Cert. essential. Box 903.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes. Wanted for September man or woman to take Biology in the Senior School up to University Entrance standard. Resident post. New general and advanced laboratories are building and will be ready for occupation. Burnham Scale. Apply to Principals with full details.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes. Wanted for September, man or woman to help with Modern Languages (French and German) throughout the Senior School. The post is resident and preference will be given to applicants who can make a good general contribution to the life of a co-educational boarding school. Apply to Principals with full details.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes. Wanted in September, owing to increase in numbers, qualified assistant teacher (man or woman) to help primarily with Maths (up to O Level). Resident post. Apply Principals stating other subjects offered.

PETER Jones, Sloane Square, SW1 (a branch of The John Lewis Partnership) will shortly be requiring a Manager for its Furniture Department. Candidates, who should preferably be 30 to 35 years old must have considerable selling experience, a comprehensive knowledge of period furniture and a thorough acquaintance with international design in modern furniture. Applications in writing, giving full details of qualifications and experience to Managing Director, Peter Jones, Sloane Sq, SW1.

SUDBURY & Woodbridge Constituency Labour Party invites applications for the post of Field Officer. We want a responsible man or woman, with drive and initiative, to work in a large rural area of this Constituency. Salary £572 per annum. Ability to drive car essential. Generous allowances. Application forms can be obtained from Mr Jack Roberts, 33 Lower Brook St, Ipswich, Suffolk, to whom they should be returned not later than 13 March.

ORGANISING Tutor: Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Organising Tutor in Herefordshire and Shropshire. Salary scale £900-£1,500 (9 x £50 & 2 x £75). Persons should be able to offer subjects within the range normally applicable to WEA adult classes. Subjects in the field of rural studies (natural history, agricultural economics etc.) will be a particular advantage but will not bar consideration being given to other candidates. Details and application forms from D. M. Buckingham, BA, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15. Closing date for applications 6 March 1961.

IF you've a flair for writing copy, a love of books, a wide range of interests, a lot of energy and preferably some publishing, advertising or mail-order experience, you may be the person we're looking for to assist in the promotion of six book clubs. Age 23/30. 5-day wk. Canteen. Box 1011.

YOUNG man in blind alley wanted, who needs a home and prospects. Must be personable, able to type and act as assistant to overworked executive. Irregular hrs. Willing to travel Continent. Degree of education unimportant but must be literate. Box 1079.

SECRETARY required for Economic Research Department of Royal Institute of British Architects, preferably under 30. Small department; must be neat typist; all round experience and ability to work on own initiative necessary. Salary in the range £450 x 25 – 700, according to qualifications and exper. Write to 66 Portland Place, W1.

24-year-old graduate type wanted as salesman/executive in a young technical publishing house. Salary: £600 + bonus. Box 1101.

ATTRACTIVE young lady (age 23/27) to train as Manageress for shop selling exclusively Scandinavian and other European glassware. Excellent prospects and salary. Apply to: The Continental Glass Shop Ltd, 317 Euston Road, NW1.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St (near British Museum) need young lady assistant, preferably with some knowledge of crafts. A knowledge of shorthand would be useful. Good position and salary for suitable person. Applns to The Manageress.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

HIGHGATE Village: large furn. bed-sitting room opening on to garden, use kit. & bathroom, full board and £1 per week in return for part-time help for old lady evenings and some weekends. Middle-aged woman preferred. Box 1005.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

DESIGN Research Unit has vacancy for young shorthand-typist with at least 6 months' experience. Interesting and varied work directly to the Senior Partners. Please write to the Business Manager, DRU, 37 Duke Street, W1.

NORTH Western Reform Synagogue require assistant to Secretary for general office duties. Apply by letter to the Secretary, Alyth Gardens, NW11.

EDUCATED woman not over 35 as secretary to firm of Architects in Epsom. Starting salary about £800. The St Stephens Secretariat, 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

STENOGRAPHY What's wrong with it? We think it a skilled job, essential to our work of book publishing. If you agree, there's room for you in our London office. Box 1067.

SECRETARY, 17/20, for Press Office of fashion house, W1. Salary £8 10s./£10. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

'THREE' at the Criterion but many good jobs at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

TYPIST for mail order dept, W London Bookshop. Hrs, hols, to suit you. LV's (3s.). Interesting varied work. Box 1008.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HONOURS graduate (English), middle-aged woman seeks post; scope for use of intelligence. Writing, research, précis, French trans. Int. literary, art, psycho-anal., archaeology. Pref. part-time. Box 972.

INTELLIGENT, educated but impecunious girl, 21, seeks new surroundings and interesting employment, home or abroad: Allan, 3 Forbes Road, Edinburgh.

BACHELOR of Laws (26, m.) exp'd a/cs implores offers career jobs. Box 911.

YOUNG man, bi-lingual Eng./German, good French, some Spanish, sks post translator/interpreter or related field. Int. publishing, int. affairs, arts. Box 888.

EXPERIENCED Secretary sks senior post reqg initiative, languages, publg exp. England & Germany, specialising foreign rights, proof-reading, translns. Box 968.

LINGUIST: fluent in Dutch, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and of course English, seeks work. Any offers? Box 970.

EDUC.-Psychologist, 33, keen, enthusiastic, denied scope by medical control, sks any post under education. Box 980.

FORMER lawyer from Germany, at present head of Despatch Department, seeks employment. Box 1048.

HOUSEKEEPER / Companion. Swiss, young 54, seeks post with stimulating family (children preferred). Exp. also typing, dressmaking, haute couture. Speaks French, German, Italian, English. Box 1032.

FELLOWSHIPS

RESEARCH Fellowships (3 years) in Government Scientific Establishments: Value £1,325-£1,640 p.a. (Senior) and £910-£1,220 p.a. (Junior). A very wide range of topics, especially in the Physical Sciences; also several vacancies in various branches of Biology. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree; evidence of high standard of ability in research; and at least 2 years' post-graduate research experience (3 years for Senior Fellowships). Those completing these periods of experience in 1961 may apply. FSSU. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S/5244/61.

PERSONAL

DO YOU HAVE OFFICE WORK
AT HOME?
THE NEW NORWEGIAN
'MINIATURE OFFICE',
an elegantly fitted cabinet for the executive, provides the complete solution.

Literature from Badenia Calculators Ltd, Lion House, Red Lion St, WC1.
HOLborn 7744.

WILL anyone give a home to David a six-year-old boy during his school-holidays? He is attractive, but very backward. As he has had no-one to give him the affection he needs, he wants plenty of attention. Can anyone help? Please write to the Area Children's Officer, (NDO/N/536/2), Gem House, Backchurch Lane, E1.

YOUNG woman left alone, 3rd baby expected shortly, urgently needs cheaper & better accom. than present squalid £6 flat with no amenities. Unfurn. and with access to garden if possible. Advert. placed by her friends as she has scruples about making an 'appeal', but one reasonable (not charitable) reply would justify. Box 1016.

WOULD any charitable organisation, pensioner, etc., (London area) like evening's work regularly from young f. with conscience about having it too good. Box 885

ANGELUS player-piano, Angelus maintained. Perfect with about 140 rolls. Offers to PERivale 6855, evenings.

PERSONAL—continued

FOREIGN student (f.) offered furn. rm with cultured family in Putney house. 2 gns., use kit./bath/gdn. VAN. 5464.

SWEDEN. Family (children 1, 4) renting house on coast July or August, seeks similar to share. Box 1054.

BORED? We look for a lady, car owner, free to undertake a tour of Kent, from 13 to 24 March, calling on Hotels and Restaurants. We are a small firm making a specialised article well known in the Catering trade. High pressure selling is frowned upon, but a pleasant personality is considered essential to establish contacts. An attractive all-inclusive fee is offered, plus expenses. Box 1015.

HOLIDAY Exchange. Univ. family, 3 schoolboys, want exchange comfortable Georgian house rural Glamorgan (Cardiff 25 min. bus), large wild garden, for sufficient accom. central London abt. 2 wks. 4-23 Apr. Atkinson, Old Rectory, Wenvoe.

SWEDISH student, male, 22, wants to stay in English family. Willing to do domestic work in exchange for boarding. Please answer: Weine Fröjd, c/o Bengt Berg, Varholms väg 8 b, Lund, Sweden.

THIS summer let your child exchange hospitality 3-4 weeks with a French boy or girl. Congenial arrgmts by Mrs H. G. Robertson, 51 Rue de la Harpe, Paris 5e.

ITALIAN journalist seeks exchange holiday for his son, 14½ years, four weeks in summer, offering same in Rome and seaside to English boy or girl. Contact Mr C. G. Bode, 66 Fairhazel Gardens, NW6.

FLUENT Linguist wishes engagement as correspondent, with view to promote or expand business with Russia. N. Iljin, 11 Mytton St, Hulme, M/C 15.

ITALIAN conversation required by business-man preparing for business trip in June. Please write Box 870.

SOUTH Downs Sun Club. Site or grounds urgently reqd. Area Chichester/Brighton. Mems welcomed. S.a.e. Box 770.

PENZANCE. Quiet country family house. Own wooded grounds, short walk shops, on bus route. Few vacancies. Long term PG's. Registered for elderly people. Apply now. Doubles 6 gns. Singles 6½ gns. Mrs Davy, Pendrea House, Gulval, Penzance.

GERMAN and Latin coaching reqd for GCE standard 'O' level. NW10 area. Write stating qualifications/terms. Box 1009

THE National Council for Civil Liberties needs new members at £1 p.a. and new offices nearer its legal advisers. Write 293 New Kings Rd. SW6, re both problems.

THE Allied Circle seeks to contact Londoners willing to lodge Commonwealth and Overseas Members. Please write to Peter van Aalst, The Allied Circle, 46 Green Street, W1 for details.

WRITER prepared to contribute £200 towards publication of his Important Novel. Publishers or Agents. Box 828.

VENICE, mid-March. 2 drivers seek travelling companion with car. Share expenses. Box 1104.

EASTER at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon: Poetry, Experimental Writing, Painting, History of Art. Send postcard for details and also list of summer schools.

ADVENTUROUS Hebridean yachting cruises. 'Sulasgeir', Bowling, Glasgow.

COACHING in Law for B.Sc. Econ. wanted. Goodman, CLE. 1438.

SOMETHING new in Flower Arrangement. Bring your own flower bowl or vase and we will make an unusual and beautiful arrangement specially for you from 15s. The Garden Shop, 313 Brompton Road, SW3. (KNI. 3825).

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

AUTHORS under 30. Transatlantic Review's short story competition closes 1 March. First prize £50. Transatlantic No. 5, on sale at most booksellers; contributors include Gregory Corso, Leslie Fiedler, Martin Green, V. S. Pritchett, Arnold Wesker, etc. MSS and subs. to Flat One, 33, Ennismore Gardens, London, SW7.

MOSCOW, Leningrad, Warsaw, Berlin, Easter 18 days, students £62. Mercurial, 15 Endsleigh Street, WC1. Tel: Evening HOL. 1269.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN 0461

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury, N1: Tavistock Repertory Company (London). Experienced actors and stage crews needed to meet an expanding programme of interesting plays. All non-professional. Auditions held monthly; apply Members' Secretary for Company details.

STAMMERING. Entirely new Therapy eradicates stammering 15/20 days. Accom. nr clinic. Fee conditional on successful treatment. Wm C. Kerr, MA, Speech Specialist, St Ouen, Jersey. Central 20957.

TELEVISION Writing School is training writers in the techniques of TV on behalf of ITV companies. Let us train you to write drama, comedy, serials etc. Apply: TV Writing School, Dept. 318, 14, Sackville St, W1 or phone REGent 0721.

PERSONAL—continued

ALCHEMY, 1961 version. Turn old gold into food and medical aid for refugees and famine stricken. Broken jewellery, spectacle frames, watches, dentures, pens, have already raised £15,000. Send all you can find (any saleable articles equally welcome) to: Gift Aid, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

DOGS die prematurely from disease or poison, get run over, cause accidents, get lost and stolen. Is Your dog safe? Insure your dog with Canine Insurance. Full cover includes veterinary fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity. Write today for free brochure. Canine Insurance Assn, 90 Gracechurch St, London, EC3. (Estab. over a quarter of a century).

LAND Value Rating would cut average domestic rate demand, check speculation and cheapen land, promote development, safeguard Green Belts, reduce house rents and prices and collect part of the socially-created fund which belongs to the community. Details: Rating Reform Campaign, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Ldn, SW1.

WRITE to sell – with Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Benefit also from The Writer, plus two practical writing encyclopaedias – free! Send for Free N1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th edition). BA School of Successful Writing, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

WRITE for Profit with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd, (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. If you haven't earned your fees by the time you've finished the course, you get your money back. Write to Dept 7 for free copy of 'You In Print' and details of Special Guarantee. Free market service available to students.

THE Linguists' Club. London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

PEACE or war depends on you and your life of purity. Join the Purity Movement, 'Fidelis', Chislehurst, Kent.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq KEN 7201. Club attached

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

MICRO-Corneal Lenses, W. S. Walters, FSMC, FACLP, M. Hillel, FSMC, MRSH, FACLP, Commonwealth House, 5 New Oxford St, WC1. HOL. 2092.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc, E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

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MRS P. Perlow, psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd, Cricklewood, NW2. GLA. 2400

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(N) Endsleigh Court, WC1. Booklet sent.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

CHILDREN'S Summer holidays in happy surroundings. Every care. Thanet House, Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.328

'PLAN for Greater London'. WEA Saturday School, 25 Feb. comm. 3 p.m. Spkr: L. J. Sharpe, B.Sc. Econ. Friends Meeting House, Leicester Rd, Barnet. Adm. 3s.

CONCERN: Soprano & Piano. New Jewish Soc., Wed. 1 March. Simon Marks Rm, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1, at 8 p.m.

'THE Study of Psychic Powers'. Public lect. 26 Feb., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Special Public Lecture, Wed. 1 March, 6.30 p.m. 'The Practice of Buddhism': Rev. Paññavaddho Bhikkhu. Also Sat. 4 March at 3 p.m. the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

YOGA Lecture and Performances by Swami Dev Murti, 4 March, 7.30 p.m., Alliance Hall, 12 Caxton Street, St James Park Tube Stn, 3s. 6d. Yoga Courses and Meditation enq. HAM. 5219.

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24-26 Mar. THE CHANGING CARIBBEAN
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FACULTY OF COMMERCE AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
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The Faculty offers a one year course (leading to the Graduates' Commerce Diploma) for graduates wishing to prepare for a career in management.

Applications for admission to the course starting in October 1961, and requests for further information, should be made as soon as possible to the Assistant Registrar, (Commerce and Social Science) University of Birmingham, Birmingham, 15.

The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has accepted this course as suitable, in the case of candidates with honours degrees in Science, for the tenure of its Advanced Course Studentships, and financial support will also be available for suitable graduates in Arts and Law.

A ONE-day course on the audio-visual method of teaching Fundamental French will be held at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London, SW7, on Saturday 11 March 1961 at 10 a.m. Admission free. For further details, apply to The Cultural Attache, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, SW1.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

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SPANISH lessons: small private classes. 5s. per hour. RIChmond 0369.

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write to Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ACADEMY, Cambridge. 3-12 months Secretarial Courses. Prospectus, The Principal, 46 City Road, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

PAINTER (ARCA) gives tuition (privately and with small groups) in painting and drawing. Please phone MOU. 3381.

BIBLE Study – Correspondence Course free on application to Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

LONDON County Council. Training for Child Care Officers – Non-University Course. Applications are invited for places on the second two-year training course arranged by the London County Council and beginning in September 1961 for persons, not less than 25 years of age, wishing to take up full-time employment as child care officers either in London or elsewhere in the country. The course, which is provided in association with the Central Training Council in Child Care, combines theoretical instruction, to be given at the North Western Polytechnic, with practical work in the field. No specific academic qualification is prescribed but candidates will be required to show that, in addition to the necessary personal qualities, their educational attainment is sufficient to enable them to follow the course successfully. Selected candidates will be eligible for financial assistance under one of three schemes. On completing the course successfully, students will be recognised by the Central Training Council as qualified child care officers. Details and application forms are obtainable from the Children's Officer, (D.1/N/488/2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1, returnable by 31 March 1961.

HOME Preparation for Examinations University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons. Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

SPAIN: Holiday Course at Cordoba 19 March-23 April. Holy Week & Excursions to Seville Feria & Granada. 4 hrs tuition p. day, full b. & lodging: £8 p. wk. Also Spanish classes in London. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

ACTING, Speech; Children's Sat. Classes; Younger Children Monday; students by arrangement. Ada Brown Mather, 15 Muswell Hill Road, N10. TUD. 6278.

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Harry Newstone – Orchestra
Alan Soulsby – Pianoforte
Walter Hart – Teachers' Course
The Edinburgh Quartet
Fee (including residence) – £8

Further details and enrolment forms may be obtained from The Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, E. Yorks.

ITALIAN Language Courses, International Camp. Centre. Group travelling Easter, has 4 vacancies. Non-Students, all age groups welcome. Very moderate charges. Parties going every month. Write to Europa School, Via Casal de Pazzi 131, Rome, or Organiser London, Box 876.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

EXCELLENT facilities for Conferences and Summer Schools unexpectedly available in delightful surroundings at the Rookery, Oxford, in July and August. Apply Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

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CORNWALL. Artist's house in old fishing village. Comfortable, home cooking incl. bread. 7 gns. Lambourn, St Clement's Hall, Mousehole. Mousehole 236.

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BEADON Prior Hotel, Salcombe, S Devon. Lovely gdn, overlkg sea. Comf. Reas.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

COMFORTABLE accommodation, good food, reasonable terms. Mrs Lenihan, South Pole Inn, Aunnascaul, Co. Kerry.

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HOTEL du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var. Sun, sea, ambrosia. Reasonable prices.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

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UNFURN. s/c. flat urgently reqd, mod. rent (or price) SE London. Blackheath area pref. Single prof. woman. Box 848.

YOUNG lady (secretary), seeks furnished flat/rooms at reasonable rent; easy access to City essential. Box 845.

LADY and daughter (civil servant) require furnished 2-bedroom flat with kitchen. 5 gns. NW or SW London. Box 867.

BACHELOR (teacher) seeks accom. with meals, fairly cent. Ldn. Box 986.

YNG woman with baby sks sim. view find/share flat. NW Ldn prefd. Box 971.

TEACHER (f.) seeks furn. flat or b/sit. & kit'ette early April, SW15 or NW3. (To 5 gns). Box 950 or MEA. 2869.

UNF. flat 2 rms, conv. s/c. if poss. urg. reqd; middle-aged prof. woman, teenage pianist daughter in holidays. Box 1077.

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& 4 March at 2 Coppèlia
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(TERminus 1672)
2 March at 7.30 Eugene Onegin
3 March at 7.30 Marriage of Figaro
4 March at 7.30 Ariadne on Naxos

THEATRES

ART[illegible]EM. 3334. 8.0, Sat. 5.0 & 8.0, Thurs. 2.30, 'Stop It, Whoever You Are'. [illegible]

DU[illegible] of York's. TEM. 5122. 8. Mat. [illegible] 4.30. 'The Connection' a play with [illegible] featuring original New York cast.

IN-STAGE: 'The Typists' and other Schrecks. Sundays at 7.30. 9 Fitzroy Square, W1. Admission Free.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Thurs. 2.30, Sat. 5.0, 8.15. 'The Changeling' by Middleton.

ST PANCRAS Town Hall, 2 and 3 March, at 7.30. In-Stage presents first professional production in England of 'The Cave Dwellers' by William Saroyan. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Box Office (EUS. 8268).

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): 'Serjeant Musgrave's Dance' 24 & 25 Feb. 'The Male Animal' 3, 4 (Mems 5), 8-11 Mar. 7.30.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Gorki's 'Lower Depths', dir. L. Zdravchev. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Members.

CONCERTS

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). (1) Univ. Lecture-Recital on 'Dances of Manipur' by Thambal Yaima and Bihari Sharma, Thurs. 2 March, 7.30 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1. Adm. 2s. 6d. (2) 'Dances of Ceylon & India-Pakistan' at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, on Tues. 7 March, 8 p.m. Further inf. re. other weekly Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dance, Classes etc. from Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Rd, N3. FIN. 2934.

BACH: Clavierubung – Selections from Part III (Prelude and Fugue in E flat and Ten Chorale Preludes) played by Ralph Downes (organ). Wednesday 1 March at 5.55 p.m. Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 4s. including programme (WATerloo 3191).

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts – Music Section, Wigmore Hall, Wigmore St, W1. Tuesday, 7 March at 7.30 p.m. Dorothy Dorow (soprano), Rosemary Phillips (contralto), Melos Ensemble, Bruno Maderna. Works by Webern, Stravinsky, Hugh Wood (first performance), Berio (first perf. in Gt Britain). Tkts 9s., 6s., 3s. (ICA & SPNM members 6s. & 3s.) from Wigmore Hall. WEL. 2141.

AN Evening of Poetry and Music presented by The Apollo Society, St Pancras Town Hall, Sun., 26 Feb., at 8. Readers: Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson. Pianists: Viola Tunnard, Martin Penny. Tkts: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. EUS. 8268.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Tito Gobbi in 'The Barber of Seville' (U).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 26 Feb.: 'Waiting Women' (X). From 27 Feb.: 'Summer With Monika' (A). Massingham's 'Pool of Contentment' (U).

ST PANCRAS Town Hall. Two Films directed by Ingmar Bergman (English sub-titles) 1 Mar. at 7.30, 'The Face' (The Magician). 7 Mar. at 7.30, 'The Seventh Seal'. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Box Office EUS. 8268.

SATIRIC Cabaret & cool group in club cellar, members 5s. The Living, 126 Boundary Rd, NW8, Fri. 3 Mar., 9 p.m.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, Sat., 25 Feb., 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED reproductions, catalogue 2s. from Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. New range of Postcards now ready: Corot, Klee, etc.

TOP Sacred Exhibition of Original Monk Drawings by Pheliz. Five Guineas each. High Hill Gallery, 4 Hampstead High St, NW3. Daily 9.30-5.30 (Thurs. 1 p.m.) HAM. 8172. Until 18 March.

RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W1. Royal Society of Painter-Etchers & Engravers. Annual Exhibition. Until 16 March. 10-5, Sats 10-1. Admission 1s.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Dumitresco & Istrati – recent paintings. Until 16 April. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Victor Pasmore – recent paintings and constructions. Opening 1 March.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Collages by E. L. T. Mesens, also paintings by other 20th Century artists. 10-6; Sats 9.30-1. Closing 28 February.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Stroud (Paintings) and Peter Clough (Sculptures). Until 8 April. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: John Hoskin – Recent Sculpture. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 18 March. 142 New Bond St, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. HYD. 6195. 19th & 20th Cent. Drawings, Watercolours and Sculpture: Picasso, Cézanne, Renoir, Boudin, Jongkind, Schwitters, Wols, etc., including new sculpture by Henry Moore. 20 Feb.-11 Mar. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12. Adm. free.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec. Pictures from Albi Museum. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

IRELAND'S Greatest Treasure: The Book of Kells. Never before seen outside Ireland, this priceless 8th Century illuminated manuscript, and other beautiful examples of Celtic art from Trinity College, Dublin, may now be seen in the Exhibition of Celtic Manuscripts at Burlington House, together with the Book of Lindisfarne from the British Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Sundays 2-6 p.m. 12 January-5 March. Admission 2s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the fourteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 1 March 1961. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Zajac Bronzes (First Exhibition in England). With a background of sculptors' drawings. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1).

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. 1st Anniversary Exhibition 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

THE Waddington Galleries. Recent Sculpture. F. E. McWilliam. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HOFMANNSTHAL Exhibition: Austrian Institute and Institute of Germanic Languages and Literatures. Rare manuscripts, books, pictures etc. of Hugo von Hofmannsthal at 29 Russell Square, WC1, until 3 March, 2.30-5.30 p.m. weekdays.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. New German Painting: Goepfert, Kreutz, Rosenheim, Schreib. 13 Feb.-4 Mar. Dly 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Drawings by The Daniells in India.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. John Bratby: Paintings, drawings, Sunflower series. Until 4 March.

MOLTON Gallery, Five Painters from Paris. 15 Feb.-4 March. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CHRISTIANS AND THE CONGO
Trafalgar Square, Sunday, 26 February, 3 p.m.
Canon John Collins, Canon Stanley Evans, Anthony Greenwood, MP, Dr David Pitt, The Rev. Bill Sargent.
Chairman: Dr Donald Soper.
Christian Socialist Movement, Kingsway Hall, London, WC2.

CUBA 26 JULY GROUP
New Films and Discussion
'HAVANA DECLARATION'
'FORGOTTEN LAND'
The Cuban chargé d'affaires, Señor Stolik, will discuss the Havana Declaration.
Thursday 2 March, 8 p.m.
ACTT, 2 Soho Sq., W1.
Admission 2s. 6d.

DIVINE HEALING

A series of lectures interpreting Divine Healing in terms of Science will be given by Griffith Evans, DM, FRCS, on Wednesdays in March (except 15) at Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1, at 7.30 p.m. Admittance free. Retiring collection. Dr Evans is the Hon. Surgeon to the Welsh Presbyterian and London Healing Missions.

Further information from the London Healing Mission, 20 Dawson Place, W2. Tel.: BAYswater 3349.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Bernard Correy on 'Keynes and Socialism'. 7.30 p.m., Wed., 1 March. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 52 Charleville Rd, W14.

BRITISH-Overseas Socialist Fellowship Annual Conference, Church House, Westminster, SW1. Saturday, 11 March 1961, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Has your organisation appointed a delegate yet? Details: Secretary, Transport House, Smith Sq., London, SW1.

DAILY Worker 31st Birthday Rally, Sun. 5 March, 2.45 p.m., Royal Albert Hall. George Matthews, John Gollan, Dean of Canterbury; Paul Robeson, Bela Roudenko (People's Artist, USSR). Tickets 2s. Cash & s.a.e. to 'Daily Worker Rally', 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1.

'THE Challenge of the World's Human Needs'. Rev. T. Madoc-Jones, OBE, BA, Travelling Secretary of the Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service, talks about the refugees in the world of today to the 'Hyphen' on Sat., 25 Feb. at 8 p.m. at Zion House, 57 Eton Ave, NW3. Adm. 2s. 6d.

MAPAM Open Forum – Tuesday 28 Feb., 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6 – P. Merhav will speak on 'The Ben Gurion-Lavon Affair and the Threat to Israel's Democracy'. All welcome.

THE Socialist Party of Great Britain are pleased to announce another of their film and discussion series entitled 'Letter to a Georgia Mother'. This is a vivid description of the life of the American Negro. 8 p.m. Friday, 3 March, Memorial Hall, Windsor Rd, Ealing Broadway, Ldn, W5.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Rev. P. A. Knudsen: Denmark Through 1,000 Years. 8.30. Fri. 3 March. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON NLR Club. Monday, 27 February. No meeting.

LONDON NLR Club, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Literature & Politics. Thurs. 2 March, 8.30, 'Problems of Soviet Literary Criticism': Arnold Kettle.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 28 Feb. 'Ippolito Nievo, Novelist of the Risorgimento' by Dr C. Fahy; 2 Mar. 'Individualism in Late Jewish Sectarian Piety' by Mr J. G. Weiss.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. A Visit to Alton LCC Estate, Roehampton, Sat. 25 Feb. at 10.30 a.m., meeting at Boiler House, Highcliffe Drive, off Clarence Lane. Tues. 28 Feb. at 8.15 p.m., Image of Tomorrow – a Symposium: Roger Coleman, John McHale, John Christopher Jones, Lawrence Alloway, Peter Smithson, Robert Freeman. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d. Jazz, Wed. 1 March at 8 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., non-members 2s. 6d.

SCENES from American History: the War for Independence, second in a series of weekly film showings, American Embassy theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thurs. 2 March, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

'SOME Reflections on Contemporary American Culture' a lecture by George E. Mowry, Harmsworth Professor of American History, Oxford, Professor of History, Univ. of California. American Embassy auditorium, Upper Brook St entrance, Wednesday, 1 March, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

READINGS by Two Young American Poets, Judson Jerome & Robert Sward. American Embassy audit., Upper Brook St entrance, Mon. 27 Feb. 6.30 p.m. Adm free.

FRED Hoyle speaks on the Social Responsibility of Scientists to a Left Scientists Group Open Meeting, Friends House, Euston Road, Monday 6 March, 7.15 p.m.

CND. Joint Film Programme with Co-op. Wealdstone, at Co-op. Hall, Masons Ave. on 4 March, 7.30 p.m.

SHAW Society AGM at the National Book League: 7 Albemarle St, W1. Thursday, 2 March at 7 p.m.

OXFORD. H. G. Wells Society. 28 Feb., 8 p.m., Mitre Hotel. Peter Donaghue: 'Wells – Sex and Socialism'.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thursday 2 March. 'On Consciousness'. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, PARk 7696. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, Tues. 28 Feb., 8 p.m., Alexandra Wexler: 'Essenin' (in Russian).

DORIS Grant & others speaking at a Weekend Conference at Reculver Lodge, Beltinge, Herne Bay, 10-12 March. Details Sec. (NS), 13 Oldbury Place, W1. WEL 2787.

'LADY Chatterley' and the Censor – Alec Craig, at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Sat. 25 Feb. at 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Society.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Mr L. J. Woodward on 'Lazarillo del Tormes' on 3 March at 6 p.m.

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary Celebrations, 27 February-17 March. An Exhibition, a Programme of eight Lectures (Admission free) and two Eurythmy Performances (tickets 7s. 6d. and 5s.) will mark the three weeks' Rudolf Steiner Centenary Celebrations. All enquiries and tickets from the Rudolf Steiner Bookshop, 35 Park Road, NW1. (PAD. 4400).

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Sun. 26 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Lecture, 'Political Economy for Socialists', at Central Club, 125 Clerkenwell Rd, WC1. Adm. free. Questions and discussion.

PACIFIST Universalist Serv. 3.30 Sun. 26 Feb. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Joseph Mason: Art & Literature against War.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 26 Feb. Dr W. E. Swinton, The Orient Turns to Science. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 28 Feb. Mystical Experiences – Knowledge or Nonsense? Geoffrey Elkan. Discussion.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 26 Feb., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Do it Yourself': H. J. Blackham.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.327

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